

# The Sketch

No. 1159.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

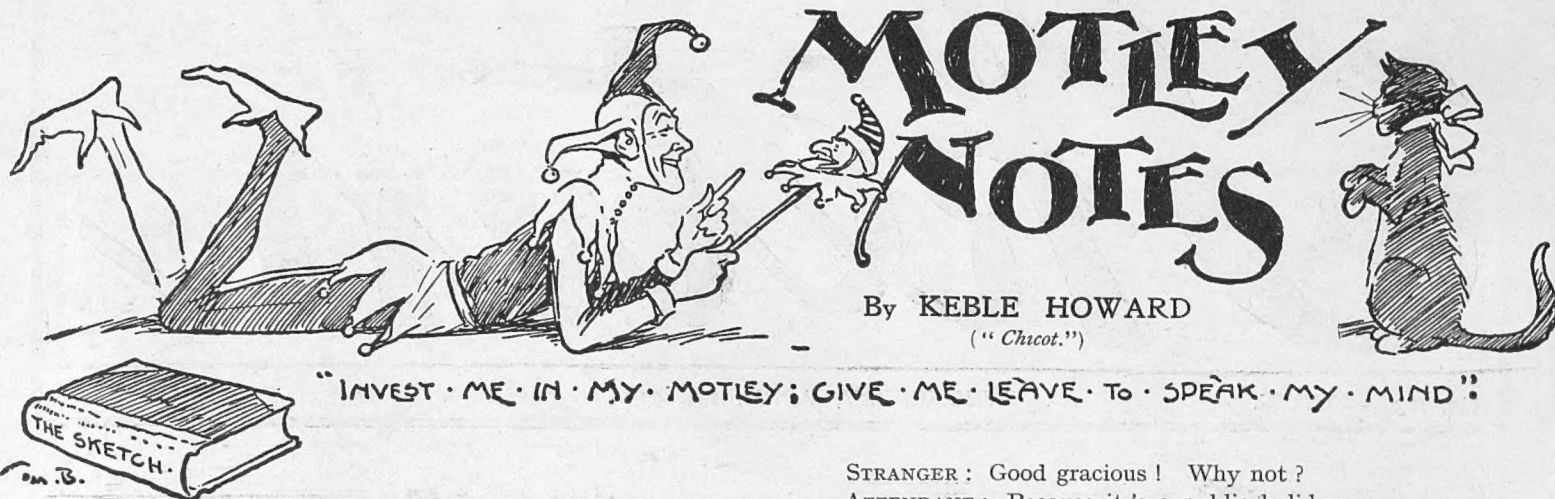


LOT 673 IN THE RED CROSS SALE: "MISS GLADYS COOPER WHEN A GIRL" — BY ANNA ALMA-TADEMA.

Lot 673 of the great auction sale of relics and *objets d'art* for the benefit of the funds of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England is described in the catalogue as follows: "Presented by the Artist, Anna Alma-Tadema. 'Dawn: Miss Gladys Cooper When a Girl.' Circular—18½ in. diam." The Miss Gladys Cooper is, of course, the popular young actress. The sale commenced

at Christie's on Monday, April 12, and will be continued until Friday; it is to be resumed on Monday, April 19, and four following days; and on Monday, April 26, and the following day. The catalogue includes 1867 lots. The entire proceeds of the sale, without any deduction whatever, will be paid over to the Society and the Order.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Artist.]





What Glasgow  
Thinks.

By a happy combination of circumstances, I find myself in Scotland at a time when the eyes of the whole nation, and perhaps the eyes of a good many other nations as well, are turned in this direction. I was in Glasgow when the newspapers announced that the King had decided to discontinue the consumption of alcohol in all his "houses," and I was greatly interested to observe the result of the announcement on the people of that gigantic munition-factory.

(By the way, since the term "munitions" is in everybody's mouth just now, it might be as well to arrive at the exact meaning of the word. On the authority of Ogilvie and Annandale, who have never failed me yet, "munition" means, literally, a fortification; hence, "materials used in war, military stores, ammunition, material for any enterprise." So that, under certain circumstances, alcohol itself might be justly described as a "munition." Now we know where we are.)

Not a soul in Glasgow questioned the fine patriotic spirit of the King in framing this new rule for his establishments. From highest to lowest, all applauded the idea behind the order. Let that be clearly understood and never called in question.

But Glasgow said and Glasgow stoutly maintains that the reports of excessive drinking among the men upon whom we rely for our battle-ships, at any rate, have been "greatly exaggerated."

#### A Typical Opinion.

I tackled a fellow-diner in one of the leading clubs on the subject.

"I am a Glasgow man," he said, "all my interests are in Glasgow, and I may claim to know Glasgow pretty well. There may be a certain amount of drinking among a small section of the men, but you will always find that in any community. One member of this club might on occasion take too much to drink; will you, on that account, close the cellar and refuse to supply the ordinary temperate member with his small bottle of claret with his dinner? You may take it from me that the men are working well, and turning out work in tremendous quantities. What they will do if the temperance cranks get their way—and this boom is being worked by temperance cranks—I shouldn't care to say. There is drinking; there always will be drinking; but the vast majority of the men are not drinking to excess, by any means. I can't see myself why they should be made to suffer for the selfish few. That is all it amounts to."

I found this opinion echoed all up and down the city, and I set it forth here for what it is worth. Any London newspaper man who takes the trouble to come North can look into the matter for himself. He can mix with the people, as I do; he can go into the huge music-halls, or wander about the streets in the evening. He will find that the old Glasgow, so far as drunkenness is concerned, has disappeared. Glasgow took this question in hand herself at the very beginning of the war.

#### A Teetotal Holiday.

Here is a real conversation that took place in a leading Glasgow theatre on the evening of Easter Monday. I defy you to name any theatre in England where such a conversation could have occurred on that night—

STRANGER: Could you tell me the way to the bar?

ATTENDANT: The bar is not open this evening.

STRANGER: Not open?

ATTENDANT: No, Sir.

STRANGER: Good gracious! Why not?

ATTENDANT: Because it's a public holiday.

STRANGER: But d'you mean to tell me that all the bars in all the theatres and music-halls are closed because it's a public holiday?

ATTENDANT: Aye.

The man was not in the least surprised. It seemed to him quite natural and proper, apparently, that every man in the huge audience should keep his seat throughout the evening, and go home without having taken anything whatsoever in the way of refreshment. And it was a good-tempered audience. There was no grumbling. Who shall say, in the face of that, that Glasgow, for example, must have her cellar locked and sealed, and the key put safely into Mr. Lloyd George's desk until the war is over?

#### Glasgow in War-Time.

It is always interesting to observe the effect of the war on our great cities. You may remember that I expressed astonishment, a few months ago, at the cheerfulness of Manchester and the display of unlimited wealth in the big hotels. I do not mean that Manchester was indifferent to the war; no city or hamlet can be indifferent to the war. But Manchester had kept up her lights and her spirits, which seems to me better than weeping and moaning in the cellar.

I found the same attitude at Glasgow. The huge lamps that hang over the broad streets blaze away as usual; the city by night is as brilliant as ever. The streets are crowded with cheerful people of all conditions, despite the fact that the recruiting figures are as high as any in the kingdom. The theatres and music-halls are packed. Money is plentiful. Glasgow can hardly believe that Great Britain is really at war; although, as I say, she is taking such a big hand in the war.

The little men—the men who are no taller than five-foot-three and as short as four-foot-eleven—have formed themselves into a special battalion. They are called the "Bantams," and Glasgow is highly delighted with them. When the "Bantams" get to the front, in the opinion of Glasgow, the end of the war will be soon. They will run through the legs of the Germans, and attack them, with the concentrated ferocity of the sturdy little Scot, in the rear.

#### To Edinburgh.

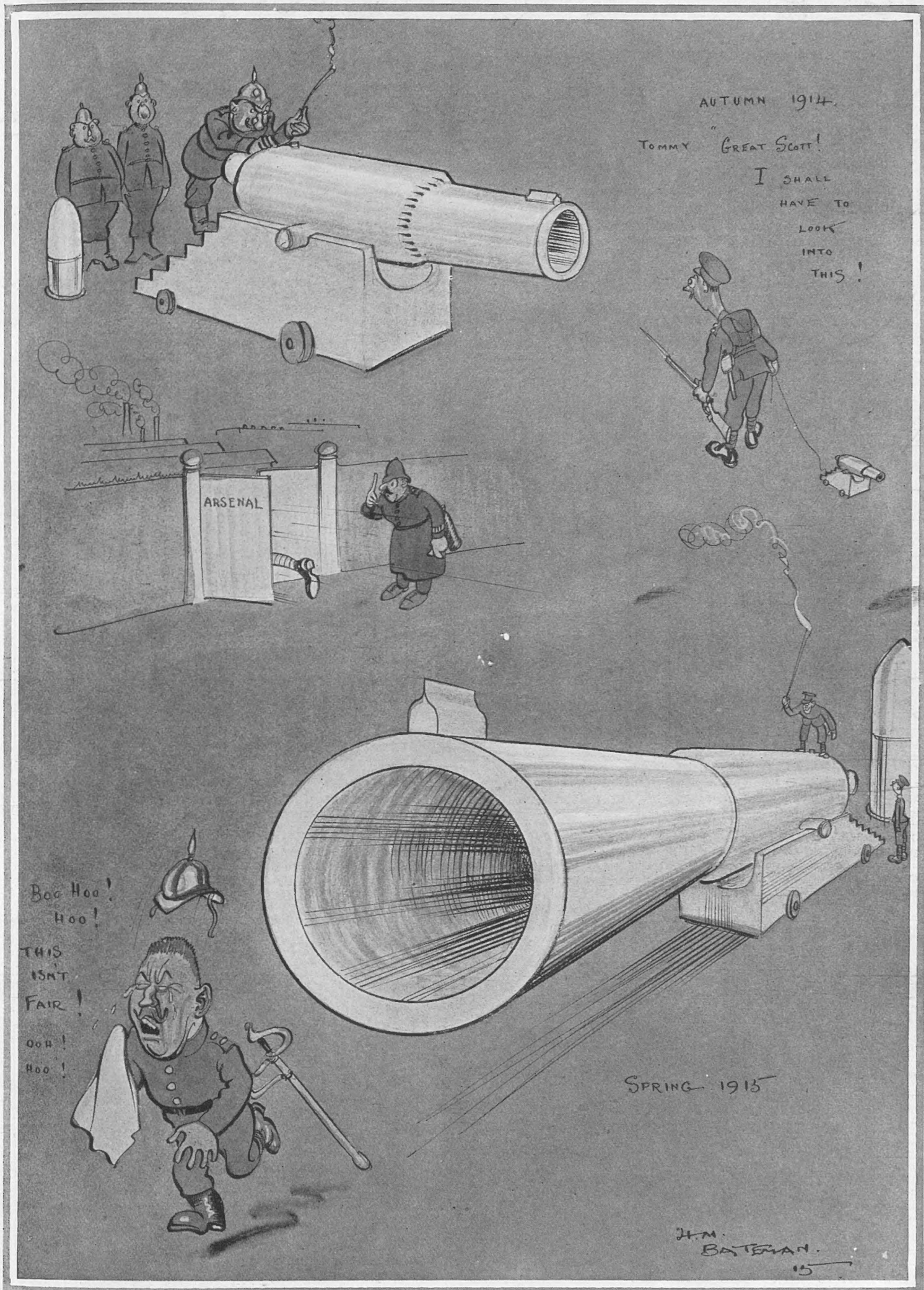
And so, before these lines are in print, to Edinburgh, that lovely and majestic city. It is often said that Glasgow and Edinburgh lose no love between them, but I do not believe it. The people of Glasgow must be proud of the sister-city, with its splendid history, its Castle, its fine buildings, its Prince's Street. They may call Edinburgh sleepy, or ultra-respectable, and things of that kind, but it is the privilege of a brother to chaff his sister. Let others attempt to take the same tone, and you will swiftly discover his real feelings.

And what does Edinburgh think of Glasgow? How can she help admiring the energy, the enterprise, the indomitable pluck that have made Glasgow the vastest city in the Empire after London? Many English people do not realise that. They positively do not know that the population of Glasgow, in all, amounts to something like one and a-half millions of souls! And the bulk of this huge population is working away, from week to week and from year to year, so that the influence of Glasgow is literally world-wide. Could any sister, however beautiful and dignified, fail to be proud of a brother who had achieved so much in the busy, struggling, jealously throttling world?

There is fine romance in the juxtaposition of these two great cities.



## WHAT IS IT GERMANS DISLIKE SO MUCH?



## FRIGHTFUL, ISN'T IT?

One wounded Prussian officer of a particularly offensive and truculent type which is not uncommon, expressed his utter contempt for our methods. "You do not fight; you murder," he said. "If it had been straightforward, honest fighting, we

should have beaten you, but my regiment never had a chance from the first. There was a shell every ten yards. Nothing could live in such a fire."—Extract from "Eye-Witness."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



CAPTAIN THIERICHENS—FOR REALISING THAT THERE ARE OCCASIONS WHEN DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.



MR. ROBERT YOUNGER, K.C.—FOR DISCOVERING THAT THE SUPERLATIVE OF "JUNIOR" MAY BE "JUEX."



PRIVATE LORD CRAWFORD — FOR PERSUADING THE PREMIER EARL OF SCOTLAND TO JOIN THE R.A.M.C.



M. PAUL ERCOLE—FOR FINDING THE ST. GEORGE'S CROSS VERY BECOMING TO A MEMBER OF THE CAMERA CORPS.

Captain Thierichens the commander of the German commerce-raider "Eitel Friedrich," now interned at an American port, explained his failure to make the promised dash for the open sea by the fact that an expected relief force did not arrive.—Mr. Robert Younger, K.C., has been made a Judge in place of Mr. Justice Warrington, who has become a Lord of Appeal.—The Earl of Crawford, formerly Lord Balcarras, the

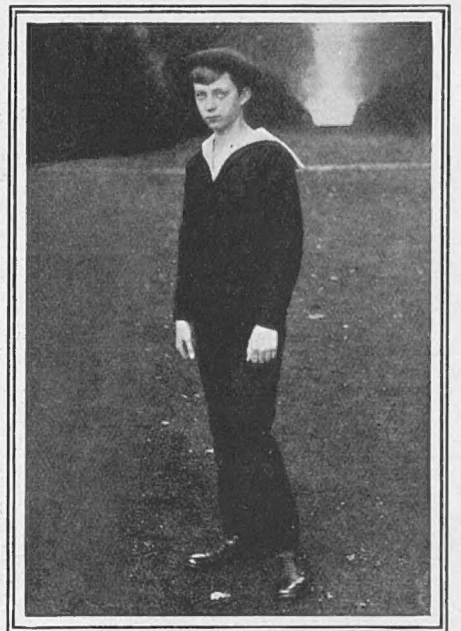
premier Earl of Scotland, has just joined the Royal Army Medical Corps as a private.—M. Paul Ercole, a Pathé cinematograph-operator, has been decorated by the Tsar with the St. George's Cross, for remaining at his post till his film was completed, although he was wounded. Pluck obviously is not a monopoly of the "regulars."—[Photographs by C.N., Photopress, Beresford, and Wyndham.]



MR. GEORGE MACAULAY BOOTH—FOR BEING A MAN OF "ADDRESS" IF NOT THE HERALDED SUPERMAN OF "PUSH AND GO."



MME. EUGÉNIE BUFFET—FOR RECEIVING STRIPES, NOT AS CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, BUT WITH CORPORAL UNIFORM.



PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM—FOR NOT BEING CONTENT WITH EXALTED RANK, BUT PREFERRING RANK AND FILE.

Mr. George Macaulay Booth has modestly denied that he is the superman of "push and go" heralded by Mr. Lloyd George to speed up the production of munitions. In announcing the appointment of a committee to deal with the subject, however, the Secretary to the War Office said that "communications should be addressed to George M. Booth, Esq., War Office, S.W."—Mme. Eugénie Buffet, a well-known

Parisian singer, has received the rank of corporal in the French Army, and the right to wear a feminised uniform with two stripes, as a reward for her efforts in entertaining the wounded.—The young Prince Leopold of Belgium, King Albert's elder son, recently joined a famous Belgian regiment. He is only thirteen and a-half—a soldier in the making.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Wyndham and Newspaper Illustr.]



LADY ELPHINSTONE — FOR PERPETUATING THE WITCHERY WITHOUT THE WITCHCRAFT OF HER ILL-FATED ANCESTRESS.

Lady Elphinstone, who recently gave birth to a daughter, is herself the eldest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and directly descended from a Scottish lady who was burnt as a witch in the sixteenth century. The victim, who was the widow of Lord Glamis, was accused of attempting the life of King James V. by witchcraft and poison.—The Sultan of Egypt, it is said, showed the utmost composure



THE SULTAN OF EGYPT—FOR SHOWING HIS APTITUDE FOR RULE BY RECEIVING A BULLET IN THE BEST REGAL MANNER.

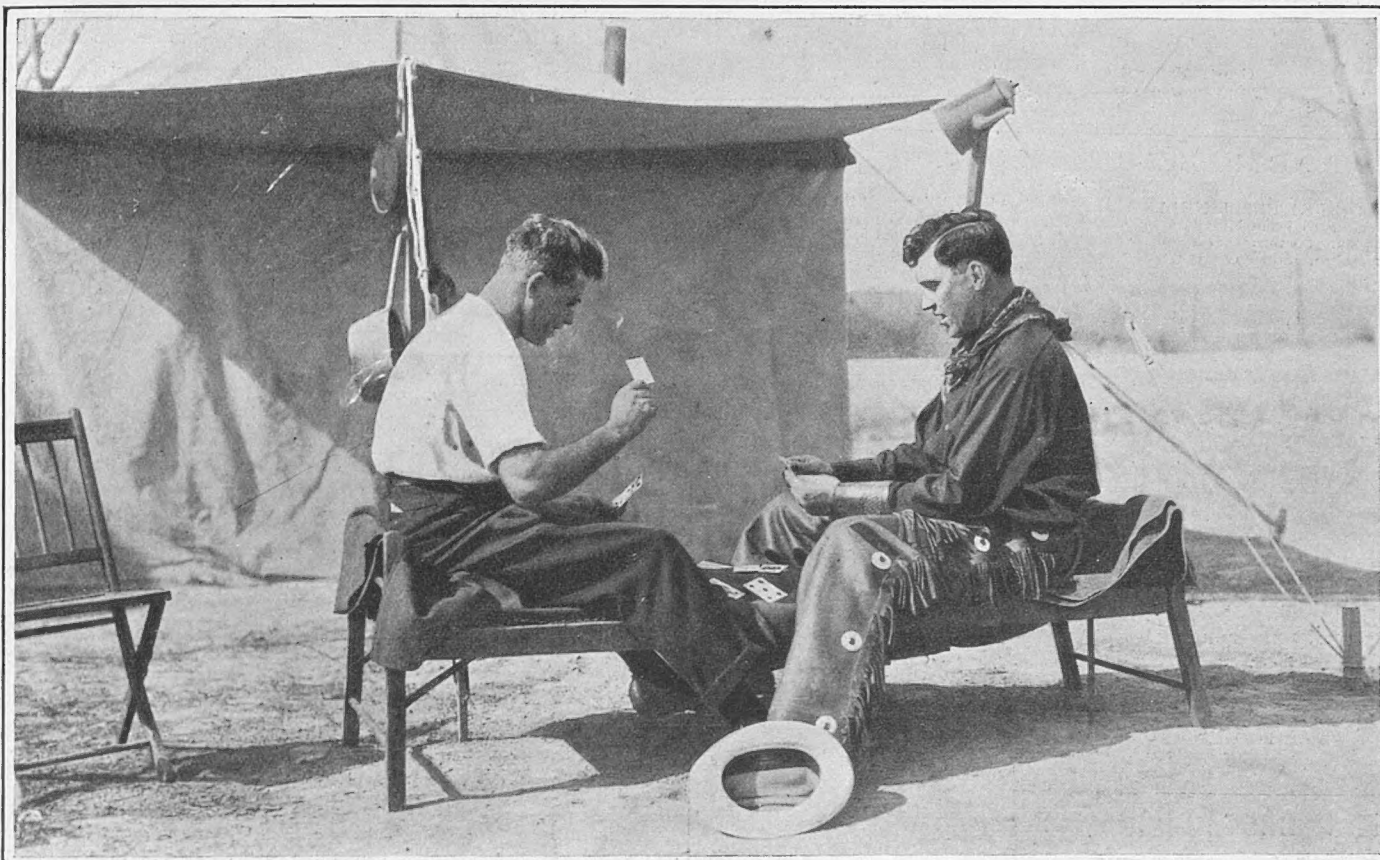


ONE OF LONDON'S FIRST FEMININE RAILWAY PORTERS—FOR SHOULDERING THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN SO EFFECTIVELY.

when he was fired at by a would-be assassin the other day, and proceeded on a round of visits quite undisturbed.—Among the new professions for women which the war has opened up may be reckoned that of railway porter and carriage-cleaner. Several examples, of which our photograph shows one, may be seen at Marylebone, shouldering baggage and wheeling milk-cans with the best of them.



## BOXING ; SCOOTING ; WALKING : A TRIO OF SNAPSHOTS.



THE WHITE MAN WHO KNOCKED OUT THE NEGRO JACK JOHNSON AND IS NOW HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD :  
JESSE WILLARD, THE SIX-FOOT-SIX TEXAS COWBOY (ON THE RIGHT),



WITH HER "SCOOTERS": THE HON. MISS CAVENDISH, DAUGHTER OF LORD  
RICHARD AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH, IN ROTTEN ROW.



WALKING IN THE PARK, WITH AN OFFICER-FRIEND : MISS  
JESSEL, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN H. M. JESSEL, M.P.

To the great joy of very many, Jesse Willard, the giant Texas cow-boy, knocked out Jack Johnson in the great fight of a few days ago, and thus became heavy-weight boxing champion of the world, securing a title Johnson won from Tommy Burns and Jim Jeffries in 1908 and 1910. Willard, who was born in 1888, and is ten years younger than Johnson, stands six-foot-six inches in height, and weighs 15 stone 10 lb. In 1913, Willard was defeated on points by Gunboat Smith in a twenty-round fight.—The Hon. Miss Cavendish, seen with two of the "scooters" which are so popular now

with the youngsters, is one of the four daughters of the Right Hon. Lord Richard Cavendish, only brother of the Duke of Devonshire, and his wife, Lady Moyra, daughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. Lord Richard was raised to the rank of a Duke's son in 1908, the year in which his brother succeeded to the title of Duke of Devonshire.—Miss Jessel's father, Captain Herbert Merton Jessel, was M.P. (U.) for St. Pancras (South) for ten years, from 1896; and was re-elected in 1910. He has served in the 17th Lancers and the Royal Berkshire Yeomanry. He has one son and three daughters.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Topical.



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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Recollections. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Seeley Service.)  
Russian Realities. John Hubback. 5s. net. (The Bodley Head.)  
France in Danger. Paul Vergnet. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)  
Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People. D. Amaury Talbot. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

### FICTION.

The Scotchman and I. By an Englishman. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Sweet Herbs and Bitter. Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)  
Where There are Women. Marguerite and Armer Barclay. 6s. (Unwin.)  
The Voyage Out. Virginia Woolf. 6s. (Duckworth.)  
Mrs. Barnet "Robes." Mrs. C. S. Peel. 6s. (Bodley Head.)  
Olga Nazimov. W. L. George. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

### FICTION—(Continued)

The Sword of Youth. James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)  
The Children of Alsace. René Bazin. 1s. net. (Greening.)  
Tainted Gold. H. Noel Williams. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
The Heiress of Swallowcliffe. E. Everett-Green. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
The Watcher of the Threshold. John Buchan. (Blackwood.)  
The Splendid Blackguard. Roger Pocock. 6s. (Murray.)  
The Fires of Hate. Roy Bridges. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Charmed Life of Miss Austin. Samuel Merwin. 6s. (Grant Richards.)  
Marjory Mallory. Ivan Hodgkinson. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)  
The Keeper of the Door. Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)  
Private Spud Tamson. Captain R. W. Campbell. 1s. (Blackwood.)  
The German Lieutenant. August Strindberg. 6s. (Wernie Laurie.)

### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Nine (Jan. 6 to March 31, 1915) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

### "WHO IN PEACE PREPARED FOR WAR": KRUPP'S.\*

**Krupp's, the Menace.** The title "Krupp's and the International Armaments Ring: The Scandal of Modern Civilisation" suggests an exposure. It is true that Mr. Robertson Murray says "I accuse"; but he will, perhaps, forgive us for arguing that his allegations as to the widespread nature of Kruppism, his arguments that makers of munitions not only desire but create war by encouraging misunderstandings between peoples, will seem of less importance to the Man in the Street and the Man Under Arms than the exceedingly interesting details he gives of the manufacture of war material, and especially of Krupp's, at once the worshipped of Germany and a menace to world-peace.

### From Nothing to Monsterhood.

The casting of the first gun of crucible steel by Alfred Krupp, at Essen, in 1847, marks, says our author, the birth of Kruppism: out of this three-pounder sprang the mighty weapons of the Great War—the Great War itself, Mr. Murray would say. Yet the beginning of all this was born of the brain of Friedrich Krupp, who "struggled in poverty, in quarrels and law-suits with his partners, against all the disappointments which always result from ambitious efforts with inadequate equipment, until, in October 1826, he passed away in his fortieth year, leaving a bundle of debts, a factory which consisted of little more than a couple of sheds, and in which work was at a standstill, as legacy to his widow and children." So died Friedrich Krupp, born in July 1787, son of a merchant. History has been made since. "For forty-two years, before gun-making was taken up seriously by the firm, the area covered by the factories was extended from one-third of an acre to two and a half acres in 1853. Gun-making then began in earnest, and in eight years' time—that is, by 1861—the area occupied by the Krupp factories, yards, and offices had swelled to 13½ acres—was, in fact, six times as large." It is a tale of uninterrupted growth. Krupp's, the gun factory, just before the outbreak of the present war had become truly "an international establishment for the manufacture of every deadly device which the wit of man invents," and the still-growing monster works at Essen, besides occupying some 250 acres of ground in that town, had spread out tentacles all over Germany, and even to Bilbao in Spain.

### 100,000 Employees.

The figures are remarkable indeed. Mr. Robertson Murray gives them: "The need for coal and iron to feed the roaring mills and ovens at Essen led to the acquisition of coal and iron mines. . . . The yearly output from these collieries amounts to about 3,000,000 tons of coal, yielding about 950,000 tons of coke, with by-products of 12,500 tons of sulphate and 30,000 tons of tar. The average yearly production of lighting gas is about 23,000,000 cubic metres, with about 8,500,000 cubic metres of power gas. The numerous iron-ore mines in possession of the company are distributed throughout Germany, with another, partly owned, at Bilbao." Again: "The latest intelligence at the time of writing is that the capital has been increased from £9,000,000 to £12,500,000. . . . Just before the war Krupp employees numbered 80,000 people; but since the outbreak of the war the number has been increased to well over 100,000."

### Gun-Doctors—of Philosophy!

Krupp's, of course, was the birthplace of the now famous 42-c.m. (17-in.) gun. "For the production of the 42-centimetre mortar, the University of Bonn could think of nothing more appropriate to confer on Herr Rausenberger, the inventor, and on Herr Krupp von Bohlen than the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and the diplomas were presented with the following eulogia. Herr Rausenberger's ran as follows: 'To the learned man who by the profundity of his exact knowledge and his experience as an engineer has been enabled to weld together such enormous masses of steel as to give his cannon irresistible power, and to compel it with precision. To the man who took his own cannon into the field and led it to victory, and who in face of the enemy won for himself the Iron Cross.' Herr Krupp von Bohlen's diploma reads (in Latin): 'The philosophical faculty of the University of Bonn has unanimously conferred on Herr Gustav Krupp von Bohlen the Degree of Doctor, on the excellent man who is at the head of the greatest steel works in the world, who in peace prepared for war, who supplied the Fatherland with the powerful guns which broke the resistance of the enemy, laid low the strongest fortresses, and preserved the lives of our brave troops and our flourishing Rhineland from attack. On the far-seeing man in whose shipyards the first submarines were built, which have been an honour to our Fatherland by the strength and the boldness of their crews, and which have become a terror to our enemies. To the scholar who has always been ready to support Art and Science with his great riches.' " Yet, the Allies hold their ascendancy with artillery! Curious! And Mr. Murray can write: "The Krupp gun won acknowledgment as the best of all guns from its first appearance, but has since been more and more outclassed by guns of other manufacturers, especially British." The "irresistible" has met the unconquerable! "Krupp's" is very well worth reading.

\* "Krupp's and the International Armaments Ring: The Scandal of Modern Civilisation." By H. Robertson Murray. With 17 illustrations. (Holden and Hardingham; 2s. 6d.)





NO DRAGON IN CLUBLAND : KHAKI IN KENT : THE DERBY SWEEP QUESTION.

Temperate Clubland.

It will be interesting to see whether the King's ban on alcohol in his palaces has any far-reaching effects in Clubland. So far as I am aware, there is no dragon of intemperance to slay in London Clubland—that tract which, roughly, is bordered on the north by Piccadilly and on the south by Pall Mall. Clubland has always been temperate, for to be intemperate is to be “unclubbable,” and the law which forbids the drinking of any alcohol on licensed premises after 10 p.m. was accepted without a murmur in every London club. I should fancy that, so far as the clubs are concerned, the new crusade will make very little difference in the habits of the members as a body, though individual members, especially those who hold a high position in the national life of Great Britain, may think it right and patriotic to follow the King's example.

Easter in Kent.

I spent my Easter in Kent, in the triangle made by Margate, Ramsgate, and Canterbury. The county of hops and pretty girls is acting finely up to its motto of “Invicta,” and is as cheerful and as military as an English county should be in these stirring times. Canterbury is a city of soldiers, and I am told that the old grey city has never known such prosperity as has now come to it; and both at Ramsgate and at Margate there is enough military pomp and circumstance to gratify people who would be disappointed if they did not see evidence that we are at war.

Ramsgate's Entanglements.

In one part of Ramsgate there are actually barbed-wire entanglements which are a source of wonder and admiration to all the small boys of the town as well as to the small boys who go there on a holiday.

Harbour by night is liable to be fired upon, and posted in prominent positions on the railings outside the Custom House there are proclamations setting forth what the men of the port may do and what they may not do. Ramsgate, I think, may be said to enjoy some of the sensations of war without any of its dangers.

Military Margate.

Margate, at Easter, rejoiced in a visit from the Royal Engineers' band—that admirable body of musicians who are both a brass band and a string band—and they put a very pleasant touch of scarlet amongst the quieter colours of the civilians and the khaki of the soldiers, who are to be found at Margate, just as they are to be found in all the other towns of Kent. The tripper was conspicuous by his absence from the Kentish seaside towns, but I fancy that very many of the people who habitually go over to Paris at Easter-time went this year to English seaside places. The station-master at Margate told me that the Easter traffic this year, as compared with ordinary years, was sixty per cent. That the people who went to Margate are music-lovers was amply proved, for on Easter Sunday, going to the Winter Gardens to hear Miss Carrie Tubb sing and the Engineers' Band play, I was told that there was standing room only, and found that there was not very much even of that, for people were sitting on the stairs, and rows of chairs had been put everywhere except in the gangways.

Jack Johnson Beaten.

That our men at the front have called the big German shells “Jack Johnsons” proves that the negro boxer of that name occupies quite a large place in the minds of men. Every white man, however, will be glad that a negro is no longer the champion boxer of the world, and that the ex-cowboy, Jesse Willard, has wrested the title of champion from the black man's hold.

Derby Sweeps.

The Derby Sweep is an acknowledged feature of club life, and I have no doubt that the lists of subscribers to the Club Derby Sweep will make their appearance this year as usual in all the clubs. Probably clubs that in ordinary years have four or five lists for sweeps on the Derby will this year have only one or two, but I hear of men at the front writing home to the hall-porters of their clubs saying that they wish to put down their names as usual for the Derby Sweep. Some interest is being shown already as to whether the Calcutta Turf Club Sweep will assume the large proportions it usually does, and I am told that the Club proposes to hold a meeting in Calcutta to discuss this matter.

The Calcutta Turf Club Sweep.

The Calcutta Turf Club is a racing club just like any of our British racing clubs, with a club-house in Chowringhee, and with its stand and tea-room and enclosure on the Calcutta racecourse. Its Derby Sweep has gradually assumed enormous proportions, rather against the wish of the club, which has done all in its power to prevent the public taking a hand in the matter by confining subscriptions to the members of the club, and no tickets are issued unless they are applied for by a member. In spite of this, scores of thousands of people who know members of the Calcutta Turf Club apply for tickets through them, and the first prize runs into tens of thousands of pounds and makes the fortune of whoever is the lucky man to draw the winning number. Playwrights have before now used the winning ticket in the Calcutta Derby Sweep as the shortest possible way of bringing fortune to their heroes.

MENU

PEA SOUP

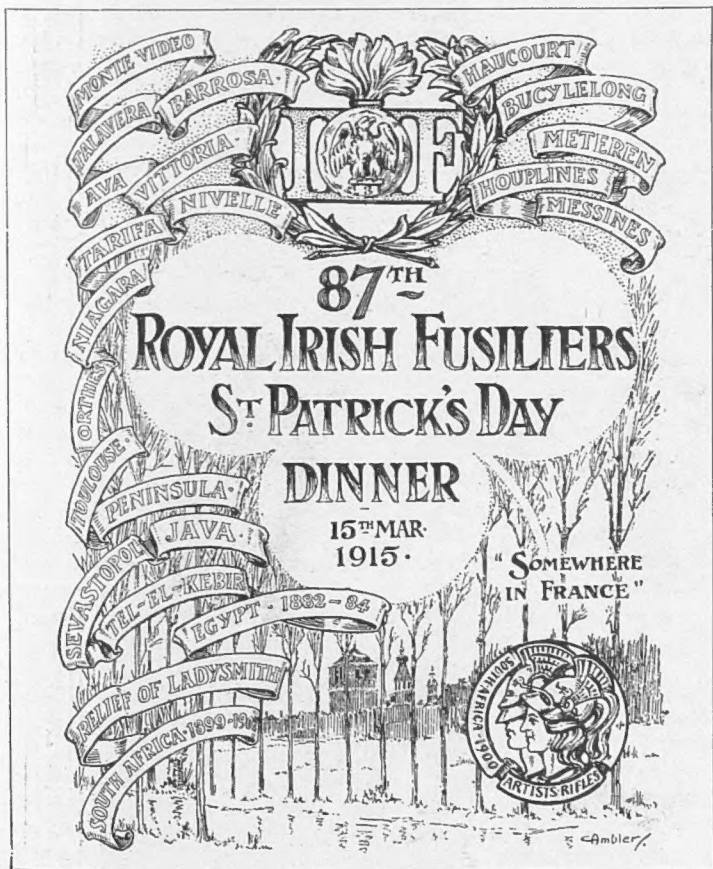
COLD ROAST BEEF  
COLD BOILED HAM  
AND  
POTATOES

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

CHEESE

DESSERT

HOW THE 87TH ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS FARED ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT THE FRONT : THE MENU OF A REGIMENTAL DINNER.



"SOME" DINNER "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE": A FAMOUS IRISH REGIMENT'S MENU - CARD ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

At the end of the long list of battle-honours of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers given on the menu will be seen (at the top right-hand corner) the names of five actions in which they have added to their fame in the present war—Haucourt, Bucy Le Long, Meteren, Houplines, and Messines.

I stood and listened to one little fellow who looked about eight years old explaining to his friend how he would cut his way through the meshes. Any fishing-boat that attempts to come into Ramsgate



THE "QUIET" PRIMROSE-STANLEY WEDDING! THE CROWD.

1. SUGGESTING A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SUFFRAGETTE DEMONSTRATION: POLICE KEEPING THE LINE BEFORE ST. MARGARET'S.

2. A "CRUSH" IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE: PART OF THE GREAT CROWD AT THE "QUIET" WEDDING OF LADY VICTORIA STANLEY AND THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE.

The alliance of the two great houses of Stanley and Primrose, by the marriage of the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby with the younger son of the Earl of Rosebery, attracted huge crowds, and although the wedding was nominally "quiet," the congregation included Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, and half the fashionable world of London. Outside St. Margaret's the crowd was immense. For the sightseers of London the sound of wedding-bells drowned

for the time the echo of distant cannon, and the preponderance of women on the pavements almost suggested the old days of the militant Suffragettes. But the crowd for this Wednesday wedding was good-humoured enough, as London crowds usually are on such occasions, and the popularity and great position of the two families concerned more than justified the wide and sympathetic interest shown by the people in this important "Peerage" alliance.—[Photographs by Sport and General and G.P.U.]



# "PRIMROSE" PERSONALITIES: THE WEDDING OF THE YEAR.



1. THE FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM: THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

2. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S: THE HON. NEIL AND LADY VICTORIA PRIMROSE.

The wedding of the younger son of Lord Rosebery with the only daughter of Lord and Lady Derby, which was inevitably the Society event of Easter Week, and will probably prove the wedding of the season, took place on Wednesday, April 7, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and, despite the conventional "quiet" of all war-time weddings, attracted a big fashionable congregation, honoured by the presence of H.M. Queen Alexandra,

H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, while, outside the church, the wedding-loving public were represented by huge crowds. Our pictures show the Earl of Rosebery, debonair as ever, and the bride and bridegroom, happy and proud as such a pair should be, leaving the church at the conclusion of the ceremony.—[Photograph No. 1, by Alfieri; No. 2, by Photopress.]



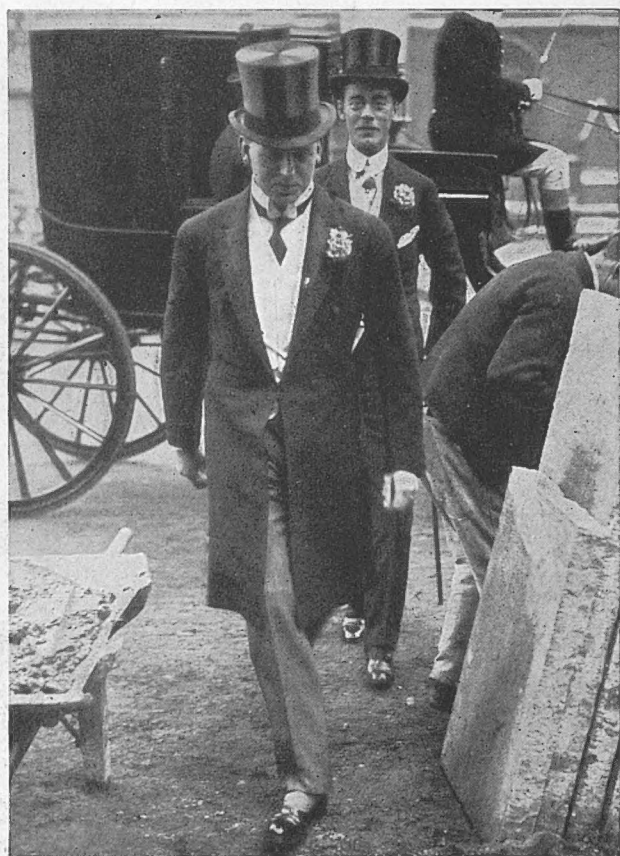
# THE PRIMROSE PATH TO MATRIMONY: THE WEDDING OF



AN USHER FOR THE OCCASION: LORD DALMENY, THE BRIDEGROOM'S ONLY BROTHER, ARRIVING.



A ROYAL WEDDING-GUEST: PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE ARRIVING AT DERBY HOUSE.



THE "PRIMROSE PATH" BEFLAGGED—WITH PAVING-STONES: THE BRIDEGROOM ARRIVING, FOLLOWED BY HIS BEST MAN.



THE YOUNGER GENERATION TAKING PART IN THE CEREMONY: TWO OF THE FIVE LITTLE BRIDESMAIDS.

The wedding of the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the younger son of Lord Rosebery, with Lady Victoria Stanley, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby, took place on the 7th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is understood that the wedding was to have been a "quiet" one, but as it turned out, this was far from being the case, for the church was full of guests, and there was a large crowd outside, whose presence testified to the great popularity of the two noble houses which the marriage has united. No fewer than four Royal ladies attended the ceremony—Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal, and her daughter, Princess Maud of Fife. The bride was given away by her father. The best man was the Hon. Thomas Agar-Robartes, M.P., and the bridegroom's elder brother, Lord Dalmeny, acted as an usher to show the guests to their seats, along with Viscount Acheson and Mr. Cecil Beck. There were seven bridesmaids—two grown-up, namely, Lady Bridget Coke, daughter of the Earl and Countess



# THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE AND LADY VICTORIA STANLEY.



THE MOST HONOURED GUEST: QUEEN ALEXANDRA LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE WEDDING.



SETTING FORTH ON THE GREAT ADVENTURE: THE BRIDE, LADY VICTORIA STANLEY, LEAVING DERBY HOUSE FOR ST. MARGARET'S WESTMINSTER.



SURROUNDED BY CAMERAS: THE TWO GROWN-UP BRIDESMAIDS, THE HON. LUCIA WHITE (IN FRONT) AND LADY BRIDGET COKE



CARRYING HIS BUTTON-HOLE AS A BOUQUET: LORD MORLEY LEAVING THE CHURCH.

of Leicester; the Hon. Lucia White, daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly, and five children — Miss Olivia Stanley and Miss Diana Stanley, daughters of Major the Hon. William and Lady Aldra Stanley; Miss Barbara Stanley, daughter of Major the Hon. George and Lady Beatrix Stanley; Miss Rosemary Stanley, daughter of Captain the Hon. Albert Stanley, R.N.; and Miss Elizabeth Gathorne-Hardy, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John and Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy. Lord Rosebery, like his son, the bridegroom, wore a buttonhole of primroses. Among the guests were the French Ambassador and the Argentine Minister, Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Mrs. Asquith, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lord Crewe, Lord Haldane. Queen Alexandra was one of those who signed the register and went on to Derby House after the wedding. There was no reception, but Lord and Lady Derby gave a family luncheon, and in the evening a dinner-party.—[Photographs by *Alfieri, Topical, Sport and General, and L.N.A.*]





## LORD ROTHSCHILD.

THIS is not the Lord Rothschild—"the inevitable Lord Rothschild"—of our youth, the great, kindly, and familiar financier who nursed England's treasure as tenderly as his own, partnered "Dizzy," guided Gladstone through a maze of figures, and tried only the other day to teach Mr. Lloyd George—a babe in

such things—the value of money. We have to adjust ourselves to a disappearance fraught with national consequences as well as with personal grief. In regard to the title, we are in the case—to take a Christian simile—of the generation that watched Wren's new cathedral in the building and found it difficult to call it by the old name. Lord Rothschild was, even as a personality, something of an institution in the sight of Londoners; as a banker he was an institution in the sight of Europe. The fact that the new Peer has little or no connection with the office off St. Swithin's Lane makes it all the more difficult to realise that he is Lord Rothschild, neither more nor less.

## Rothschild and Rothschild.

To be Lord Rothschild and not to be a banker looks like a direct contradiction of terms, but in other respects the succession is

in Parliament; the House, after all, can never mean a great deal to a member of that more exclusive and distinguished corporation, the Rothschild family. The Hon. Walter, as he then was, took, at any rate, no very lively interest in its proceedings. While he attacked some questions that appealed to him with a thoroughness characteristic of his line, he had many distractions, and for one period was so often away from his seat that a contentious Member made a point of calling the attention of the House to the fact that he was playing truant. But not always was he on the track of rare birds or chasing moths: in 1910 he resigned owing to ill-health.

## The Tring Museum.

For many years his home, both in town and country, has been the same as his father's. At Tring Park he has organised the Natural History Museum which embodies the chief interest of his life, zoology. Tring has been the base for many scientific expeditions, and the address to which rare species have been forwarded from all parts of the world. It is especially rich in "meeki," the birds and insects discovered by Mr. Meek, the naturalist and moth expert who searched the Cannibal Islands on Lord Rothschild's behalf.

## The Learned Sportsman.

Lord Rothschild's hobby has meant a good deal more to him than a distraction or an entertainment. He has taken it so seriously that the *illuminati* of Berlin are indebted to his researches, and many of his papers, including those on birds-of-paradise and moths, have appeared in the least bird-like or moth-like of all languages. He undertook the classification and description of the very important collection of mammals shot during Mr. Powell-Cotton's trip through Abyssinia, and did it so thoroughly that it needs a zoologist almost as learned as himself to make head or tail of his catalogue. He has by no means confined himself to that stuffiest end of the pursuit—the end connected with glass cases and glass-stoppered bottles of preservatives—but is also fond of the actual business of hunting and shooting.



A NOTABLE INMATE OF LORD ROTHSCHILD'S ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM: THE LARGEST-KNOWN SPECIMEN OF AN ORANG-OUTANG.

Photograph by Newman.

## THE NEW LORD ROTHSCHILD: AN ENTHUSIASTIC ZOOLOGIST.

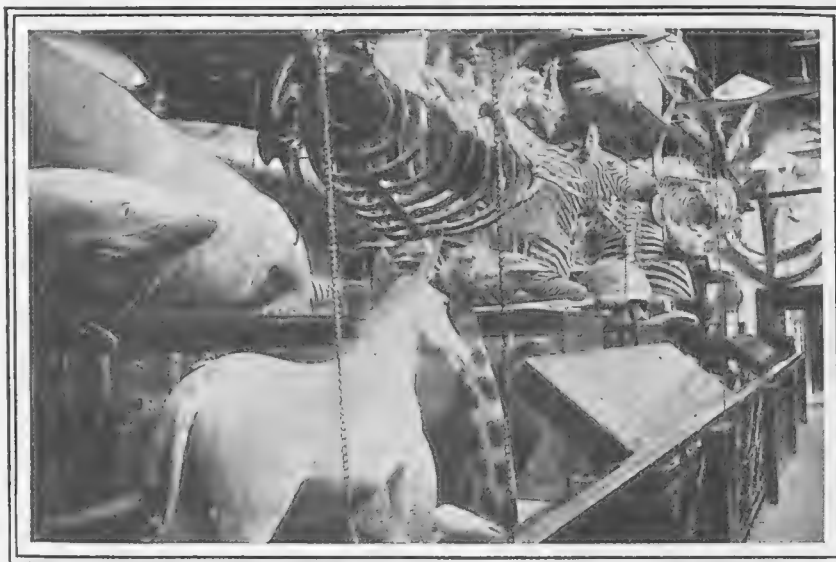
Lord Rothschild, formerly the Hon. Lionel Walter Rothschild, is the elder of the late Peer's two sons, and is unmarried. He is very keen on zoology, and founded the zoological museum at Tring, where the photographs on this page were taken. Born in 1868, he was educated at Bonn and at Cambridge. From 1899 to 1910 he was M.P. for the Aylesbury Division.

Photograph by Topical.

a most proper one. "Any fool can make money," says one who has done it; "it takes a genius to keep it." And here, among the Rothschilds, you have generation after generation concerned in the manipulation of vast fortunes, and never a "waster" among them all. Lavish generosity, yes; that, indeed, would seem to be part of the inheritance. Another, and essential, legacy is wisdom in riches. To conserve that wisdom, along with the riches, there has been judicious intermarriage. The new Peer's grandmother and mother were both, before their marriage, already endowed with the name that means financial stability where it does not mean financial genius. That unity means strength is their motto.

## The Greater House.

Although he has always been a comparative stranger in the region of St. Swithin's Lane, this meant no lack of confidence and intimacy between father and son. Except in the City, their paths have run very much in the same direction. Like his father, he was at Cambridge, after a period in the University of Bonn; and, like his father, he sat for the Aylesbury Division in the House of Commons. It is not expected of any Rothschild that he should flourish extremely



A STRIKING ROTHSCHILD "GROUP": A CORNER OF THE ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM AT TRING.

Photograph by Newman.

with them on the preceding day, and their salt sticks in his throat." Rothschild qualities triumphed over prejudice in the middle of the last century. The prejudice is gone; the qualities remain.

## Battles Long Ago.

Personally, he has much of the charm and assurance of manner which, in the last generation, helped to win the cause of the Rothschilds—and of Jews generally—in England. Round the Rothschilds, in effect, raged the storm of controversy as to the granting of civil rights and social amenities to the Jews, and no family was better able to stand for a cause or conciliate opponents, or, when the battle was won, to bear itself with better moderation. "Dizzy" throws an amusing sidelight on the complexities of the conflict when, after a division in the House, he says, "John Manners [afterwards seventh Duke of Rutland] is a little awkward about taking part against the Rothschilds, as he had dined



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*Great-War Games for Stay-at-Homes.*



VI. PONTOONING THE RHINE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





WITH every week of the war Queen Alexandra grows more versatile. Her Majesty answers every public demand put upon her in the name of charity, her activities ranging from variety entertainments to hospital inspections. Always the loyalest of friends, she is giving, too, private encouragement and support to her own circle. It is, she feels, a time when friendship and the marks of friendship mean more than they have ever meant before. Last Wednesday she not only attended the Primrose wedding and afterwards visited Derby House, but stood sponsor at the christening of the son of the Hon. John and Mrs. Ward. To attend weddings and to be sponsor at christenings are actions not at all directly connected with the state of war; but indirectly, and sentimentally, all such things have an additional significance in this exceptional year.



ENGAGED TO MR. GUSTAV H. T. PETERSEN, HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT: MISS FRANCES FRÉCHEVILLE.

Miss Frécheville is the eldest daughter of Professor William Frécheville, A.R.S.M., M.I.M.M., etc., of High Wykehurst, Ewhurst, Surrey. Mr. Gustav Petersen is in the 14th Service Battalion, Hampshire Regiment.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for the Grenadier Guards who fell at Neuve Chapelle. She was able, too, to make a first inspection of the Red Cross lots at Christie's, and in the evening she had people to dinner in Downing Street.

*Viscount H—'s Knife.* We hear so much of the lost swords of officers, and of the difficulty experienced by relatives in tracing such belongings, that it is strange when relics within reach of people at home go astray. In the category of strayed properties we are inclined to include the knife exposed among fragments of shell and other impersonal mementos from the field of battle in an Oxford Street shop-window. It is labelled "This blood-stained knife belonged to Viscount H—."

We refrain from printing the name because we consider it is obtaining sufficient publicity (and of a peculiarly painful kind) at the hands of an enterprising tradesman.

*At Christie's.* Despite many assertions as to its exclusion, a good deal of rubbish found its way into the Christie Sale. But why not rubbish, provided it fetches good prices? Really valuable things can be sold anywhere and at any time for a high figure, but here is an opportunity of creating an artificial value for property which otherwise would fall flat. To be quite frank, at least half the donors seem to have realised the situation, and to have shifted a considerable burden of charity—and goods—on to the shoulders of the buyers. Perhaps

the great collectors who contributed the least of their possessions to the auction are arranging to benefit the Red Cross funds by sales by private treaty. Things of price do not need the stimulus of the impending hammer.—The royal contributions stood out conspicuously from the very mixed collection in King Street, and some two dozen or so lay collectors have parted with objects of real worth. Picture-collectors, apparently, are the least generous of mortals, and the days devoted to prints and paintings will seriously tax the generosity of bidders. We do not now speak of the empty frames, which must excite keen competition, but of those already filled. The largest of these empty frames is to be provided with a portrait of the purchaser by the Hon. John Collier: for once, perhaps, he will allow the phrase "problem picture" to stand—at least until Friday reveals the name of his sitter. By the way, the frames for which Mr. Sargent is to supply pictures are the smallest in the group.

#### A Lucky Soldier.

Count Gleichen, who seems to have earned his D.S.O. with something more than the required degree of dash and daring, may well look upon himself as a lucky soldier. He was nearly "counted out" in South Africa, and would have been passed for dead on the field but for his own timely protest. "Poor Glick's done for," said an officer who had seen him bowled over by a bullet in the head and afterwards came upon his prostrate form. "No, I'm hanged if I am!" Count Gleichen had just enough vitality to say, with the result that he was dealt with by the doctors. The wound was a dangerous one, and would have incapacitated less tough material for further service. "Glick," however, is busily demonstrating that the cure was complete. The incident rather reminds one of the unfounded report of his death which another well-known man said was "greatly exaggerated"—a very American way of putting it.

*Sir Robert's "Madame."* Sir Robert Hudson, who did much of the collecting for the Christie Sale, and wrote innumerable letters from Room No. 66 at the Red Cross Society, made a point of addressing the ladies as "Dear Madame." French forms, one must suppose, recommend themselves just now. Certainly "Madame" is as far removed as possible from the "Gnädigste Frau" that is the polite thing in Germany. Yet Madam, after all, is good enough—for Englishwomen. There is, besides, no simple way of answering back with a French flavour: "Sir Robert" is untranslatable.



MARRIED TO MISS DORIS PETERSEN: MAJOR DOUGLAS REYNOLDS, V.C., KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Major Douglas Reynolds, who was very quietly married recently to Miss Doris Petersen, of Cherkey Court, Leatherhead (whose portrait is given on another page of this paper), was one of the first officers to win the Victoria Cross in the Great War, for conspicuous bravery at Le Cateau. Major Reynolds is in the Royal Field Artillery.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT J. CAVE-BIGLEY: MISS CONSTANCE M. PENROSE.

Miss Constance Monica Penrose is the youngest daughter of Brigadier-General Cooper Penrose, C.B., and Mrs. Penrose, of Holt Corner, Alverstoke, Hants. Second-Lieutenant Jordayne Cave-Bigley is in the Royal Field Artillery, and is the only son of Captain William Barnet Bigley, of Southfield, Harborne, Staffordshire.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MAJOR N. KENNEDY: MISS SYLVIA BINGHAM.

Miss Bingham is the youngest daughter of the late Brigadier-General E. G. H. Bingham, R.A.; and Mrs. Hickman, and step-daughter of Major-General H. Palliser Hickman. Major N. Kennedy, Ayrshire Yeomanry, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy, of Doonholm, Ayrshire.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GEORGE MONTAGU PARKIN: THE HON. NORAH ROBINSON.

Miss Norah Robinson is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rosmead, of Westfields, Datchet, and her engagement to Lieutenant George Montagu Parkin, 2nd North Midland Brigade R.F.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu L. Parkin, of 63, Chester Square, has been announced.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

## A.S.C. (AWFULLY SCORED OFF!)



THE SYMPATHETIC LADY: Oh dear, oh dear! You must have been in the very worst of the fighting!

PRIVATE JENKINS (*Army Service Corps*): Fighting be blowed! I never saw no bloomin' Germans. I never saw no bloomin' shells. A bloomin' packing-case fell on top o' me and 'arf knocked my bloomin' 'ead off.





## THE PLAIN WOMAN.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE first gun of the day broke the morning with a thick and sullen sound, rather like the noise of a giant hitting his carpet with a stick. The sound came from behind the stark firs standing on the northern hills, and it was nearer than usual. As the gun rolled through the heavy silence of the air, the plain woman stopped cutting the vegetables, stood stiffly, and listened.

The first of the great shells of the day's bombardment came with its roaring scream across the high sky. She felt it rush over her, heard the rattle and yell of it as though a maniac-driven lorry of immense size were being rushed along the clouds. The noise cut off abruptly, as water is cut off from a tap. That meant the shell was past. A minute went by—it was actually but the fraction of a second—and there leapt up from a distant part of the town below the frightful crash of a million pieces of crockery being dropped from an immense height. She knew the direction of the sound. Someone had told her that a new battery had been put up to the east by the railway embankment. The enemy was firing at that—though they had missed, for the noise meant houses struck. The battery had been built with great secrecy, but the enemy had found it, after all, as they found everything.

It was not the sound of the shell or the direction of the shot that held the woman's attention. She was listening for something else. The clatter of the falling houses took a curiously long time to die down, but the woman was listening through that noise. In a minute she went on cutting the vegetables. She had heard the man come out of his room, she heard the click of the iron patten on his short leg as he came along the passage. His insatiable curiosity and the shelling which begot it had brought the young man out again.

The iron patten clicked along the stone of the passage towards the little kitchen of the suite, and though the woman knew that it was not coming to her this time her breast filled and she felt her heart beating. He would poke his head in at the door, for that was like him; but he would not stay this time, for he never stayed when the shelling called to him—only when the artillery had finished.

He did put his head in, and she knew that he was smiling, but she did not look up until he spoke. Of all the coquettes the plain woman who is given love for the first time is the greatest—she is afraid of herself. When he had spoken, she looked up eagerly enough. He had said—

"But you are all alone, Janette?"

"They have all gone out but you—and me," she answered, trying not to be too eager, for what she wished to say was, "I do not wish to be alone now you are here." She did not say this, for a plain woman with her only chance of love is a woman very much afraid of what she says. She had hoped she had said this with her eyes, but perhaps the young man could not read the eyes.

"The shelling has disturbed me once again," he told her. "I am going on to the roof to watch it."

The woman bent her head, went on cutting vegetables again. Her fascination was nothing to that of the shells.

"They seem to me to be nearer," said the young man conversationally. Both listened to the grumbling voice of the guns. The monsters behind the hills were making a fugue of their slaughter-sound. Piece after piece came distinctly and separately into the firing, yet the enormous rumble of the noise hung in the air in the manner of a great chorus. Sometimes, below them, the atmosphere of the quiet town was burst and shattered to a thousand clanging

fragments by a shell. Now and then a voice could be heard screaming on a high and eternal note. All the dogs were barking until their throats must split.

The guns from the bastions and earthworks and the steel and concrete cupolas of the town were answering with quivering leaps of sound. As they fired in their clock-like beats even the great mass of buildings up on this hill took on tremors. A pan on a nail behind the woman's head jumped at each discharge and beat against the distempered wall with a tinny noise. Curiously, the sound of human voices stood out against this uproar, as steam stands out livid on thunder-clouds. They could hear each other talk with ease.

"They must be a mile nearer," said the young man. "Have they taken our outer works yet, do you know, Janette?" He fixed upon her his unwinking eyes.

"I do not know," said the plain woman; and then she added, a little bitterly, "but perhaps you will see from your house-top."

"Perhaps I shall," said the young man. His eyes were amused. He came in, came up to her, pulled her head down to his. "I will take that to help me see," he said, and he kissed her and went limping to the door.

She was happy again. She called after him.

"Be careful, my dearest. The shells are terrible now, and they are very accurate. They seem to know exactly where to hit. They are uncanny, those gunners."

The young man's eyes were even more amused.

"That is so?" he said. "Then they will hit me however I dodge. I will be as safe up there as I am here."

She watched him as he went out. She knew him to be the bravest man in the world. If he had not been a cripple he would have been a fine soldier. He was reckless and fearless. If he could not go down and work in the trenches with her father, that was not his own fault. She pitied him as well as loved him, and she had defended him against her father. If he seemed idle, it was because there were few things a lame man could do now that the factory where he had been a clerk was closed. He was a good lodger, he never gave trouble, and in these strait times his money was useful enough. The last had not impressed her father, because just now he was a patriot and thought of naught else; but it had impressed her mother, who was a housekeeper, and, since her mother was master in the house, the young man who had come to them two weeks before the war remained. Also, it must be said, the mother was aware that she had a plain daughter, and did not wish to mar what she saw was happening under her nose.

Janette heard the iron of the young man's patten click on the stone steps as he climbed to the leads of the roof. For a moment she thought of the strange curiosity that could oust her from her lover's heart. Day after day he had climbed to the roof and slaked his greed for sensation with the sight of the bursting shells, the smitten and collapsing houses, and the sights of men and women being struck down by the whirlwind of explosions and the stabbing rain of scattering fragments as the vast missiles struck home. The great block of flats of which theirs was the highest was one of a street of such buildings, but it crowned the hill, and one of the best views of the town could be had from the leads of its roof. The young man, Thomas, had day by day sat audience to a pageant of terrible shelling, and he always came down excited and full of it. He had told her of all he saw, but neither had told the mother or father, because they belonged to a singular, older race, inclined to regard these emotions with prejudice and disfavour. Janette was

*(Continued overleaf.)*

THE CHEST NUT !



THE RECRUITER : What's your age ?

BLUFFER : (*determined to do the patriotic thing and get to the front*) : Twenty-two.

THE RECRUITER : I said your age—not your chest-measurement.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



always afraid that the young man would blurt out what he had seen to the mother or father (on the rare moments when the latter came up from the fortifications), but he never did. So the habit was kept secret, and, as the mother went day by day down to the fortifications to see whether her husband had not been shot yet, the young man was able to climb to the roof without hindrance to watch the red fury of the bombardment.

Janette stopped thinking of the young man's habits to think of the young man. She wondered what his home was like, and if his people would be kind. Though he had come south before this black war, he declared himself determined to return to his own district when the war was done. He felt alien and out of it amongst the people of the town. Janette thought of him with all the ardour of a woman who had clutched with both hands at the only chance of love she was ever likely to get, and as she thought her glowing thoughts the shelling swung roaring over and into the town.

They had been bombarded now for three weeks, so she had become bored with it. She no longer feared the shelling, or trembled at the vast upheavals of the explosions. Her mind had become comatose, as the minds of beleaguered people become comatose under the steady infliction of noise and terror. Also she began to feel that the shells would not strike in her neighbourhood. The enemy was not bombarding recklessly—indeed, he was pounding his shells into the town with an accuracy that was unpleasantly sure. Only at odd moments did the shells strike the houses, and the houses struck were always those somewhere in the neighbourhood of defending works or batteries. He seemed to have an unfailing instinct for finding the defending guns. No matter where or how cunningly these were hidden, they had only to fire a few shots and their positions were discovered, their lines were overwhelmed with a deliberate cyclone of howitzer shells. It had happened not once, but many times. People began to suspect something underhand. People lost their heads. They had talked of dirty work being done somewhere and somehow, and a number of men had been whipped out of obscure streets and shot without the slightest examination, where they had not been torn to pieces by the mob. But executions and mob law did little good. The enemy held to his habit of sinister accuracy. He always found the batteries wherever they were placed or hidden, always struck them to silence with his shells.

Janette did not think much about this. She had a greater, more wonderful preoccupation. She heard her father—and, more than her father, her mother—rage about this underhand business. Her father had promised a bullet on sight; her mother—she had a greater and more detailed imagination—had promised much worse. Janette dumbly agreed with them both. She understood that the town was impregnable in the face of a fair attack, but that this foul means would end resistance. The young man Thomas was more furious than her parents. He flew in a rage at the mere talk of this treachery. He was only a cripple, he cried, but if he caught a blackguard at the work it would be death to one of them, himself or the other. Her father nodded when the young man spoke thus. But he had a cooler mind. He suggested calling out the picquet that stood guard in every street. That was the legal way. It was the sure way, too—it meant instantaneous death.

The shells were sweeping over the town as Janette thought of these things. As she cut the vegetables she could hear the terrible monotony of their shattering explosions away over the town. She remembered that someone had told her that a new battery had been placed by the railway embankment; she wondered whether the enemy had discovered that. She began to listen, to try and separate the sounds of the shell-bursts.

Gradually she was able to find an unpleasant timbre in the infernal and chaotic uproar. She noticed that the explosions, though vast and dismaying, were round and decisive. There was not now any of the clattering that sounded so much like crockery broken on a large scale following the huge smash of detonation. That meant that houses were not being hit. They had found the battery, then—they were plunging shells into the open land about it. She listened. She was certain, too, that the fervour of the answering fire had diminished. The jumping crashes of the return fire were staccato, disjointed, lacking in animation. She went to the window and looked out towards the railway embankment. The houses lower down the hill hid the view, but there was much smoke curling above the place, and she saw the diamond-light of shrapnel sparkling amid the turgid and greasy coils of high-power shell-vapour. Even as she looked, a thick column of yellowish smoke went whirling aloft, there was one appalling explosion, set round with a multitude of smaller explosions. Janette started back, horrified. She thought she knew what that meant—a shell had struck an ammunition-wagon, and it had exploded. She had seen such smoke, heard such terrible noise, when a lorry full of explosive had been hit in the early days of the siege.

Frightened by the terrible volcano of smoke and sound, she ran out of the room, ran to the stone stairs, and, in spite of the fear that

had kept her away from the roof, ran up to go to the young man on the leads.

She thrust her head up into a cold and bitter wind, blowing, it seemed, on the very summit of the world. At first the shock of the air took her breath away, closed her eyes. But she heard the frightful noise of explosions down below in the town, and she opened her eyes at once and searched frantically for her lover.

He was not in sight, but she knew where he was. He would be round behind the thick shaft of the chimneys—the best view was to be had on that side. She stepped forward and saw him.

But she did not go to him.

He was standing with his back to the black and sooty brickwork of the stacks, with his side and back towards her: that was one reason why he did not see her. Another reason was that he was far too engrossed in his work. Janette watched that work with a curious numbness in her breast.

She saw him look intently through his field-glasses at the battery wreathed in smoke behind the railway embankment (she could herself see over the low parapet of the roof the smoke rising in the distance), saw him let his glasses drop to the length of the strap round his neck, saw him pick up a curious instrument—a wooden-handled thing with a flat white-canvas circle at the end. He held this instrument high against the sooty blackness of the stack, and, though Janette saw nothing happen, she saw that his hand clenched and unclenched on the wooden handle, as though he were pressing and relaxing some sort of lever. While he did this the young man fixed his gaze straight ahead.

There were no houses ahead, no houses overlooking them at all. From the roof-top space leaped away until the eye touched, miles distant, the stark firs of the northern hills. Straight ahead there was a particular clump of firs that stood aloof from the others. Whatever the young man was doing, he seemed to expect that the clump of firs all that distance away would see him do it. Presently, indeed, he put the wooden-handled instrument down and examined the fir clump through his glasses. He stood for a minute thus, staring intently. Then he took up the disc instrument again, began to work it again.

Janette, when he put down and took up the disc instrument, noticed it had peculiar qualities. There was a flap across the middle, making one half of the circle, and that flap was hinged. Behind the flap was black canvas where the front was white. By pressing on the wooden handle the disc became black all over; by relaxing the grip the flap flew back and the circle was white. It was, though Janette did not know it, a Dietz signalling-instrument.

Janette, the plain woman who had come to her first love, knew what it meant, however. She knew enough to understand that the solitary clump of firs harboured enemies. She knew enough to understand *how* it was the enemy showed such uncanny accuracy and knowledge in his gun-fire. She knew why it was that a strange young man had come to lodge in the top flat of the house which stood at the summit of the hill but two weeks before the war: the enemy understood the value of being ready for all circumstances. More than anything else she understood the real meaning of the fascination that shell-fire held for the young man.

She went quietly and very quickly down the stone stairs, out through the hall door of the flat, down the stairs of the building. She was remembering instinctively where the picquet was stationed and where she would find the officer.

She did not hesitate. She refused to stop, for to stop was to remember things and to think. She reached the quarters of the picquet, and spoke in a quiet, colourless tone to a fat officer who showed every signs of having apoplexy through excitement. She said that the men were to be quiet, and they would see all there was to see. She handed the officer her door-key. She waited in the street.

Fifteen minutes later there was a sudden febrile burst of shooting up in the sky. A revolver snapped, and then another, and the spitting of a handful of rifles burst out on top of this. That was all. There was silence after this miniature explosion of fireworks. Nobody in the street looked up. Nobody knew. In the huge clamour of shelling little squibs of sound of this sort were suffocated in the larger noise. Janette did not look up. She waited.

The picquet, one of the men with a red rag on his arm, came issuing in a small torrent from the door of the high building. The little fat officer came to Janette and called her a daughter of the Empire, a heroine, and promised her many Crosses of Honour. Janette did not speak. The men of the picquet were carrying something which was dreadfully limp in their midst. Janette did not want to look at it, but an iron patten hung down so that, as the men walked, it struck out a continual ringing note on the flags of the pavement.

Janette left the officer and slowly climbed the high stairs. The clink of the patten was ringing in her mind. It seemed to be telling her over and over and over again that she was a plain woman, and that love could come to her only once.

THE END.

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# AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

Some time ago Jim and I went to see a revival of "An Englishman's Home," and were much impressed; but after my experience of yesterday I felt that, with the same subject, I could write a three-act tragedy of such gloom as to bring sympathetic tears to the eyes of every woman—yes, and of many men, too—in the audience. The villain of the piece would certainly be our English climate, and the three acts take place in the morning, afternoon and evening of a single day. Yesterday, for instance, was typical. I woke up, prepared for a balmy spring morning, to find several degrees of frost making believe that we were back again in the depths of winter; and as soon as Jim poked his nose out of the bedclothes, "Br—r!" he said, "I say, Molly, you might tell Jane to light a fire in the dining-room, will you?" Of course I obeyed, being a dutiful helpmate; and as I shivered through my dressing I could hear a grumbling Jane struggling along the passage with all the paraphernalia of fire-making, and I trembled to think of the dust and dirt and bad temper that the vagaries of the Clerk of the Weather were bound to cost us.

Sure enough, when we arrived downstairs, it was only to find a reluctant fire smoking in a still icy room; breakfast, very late and half cooked at that, was brought in by a smutty and obviously "huffy" handmaiden, and under the influence of such miserable surroundings it was only natural that Jim was not his dear old cheerful self when he rushed off to catch the 8.35 train. Then it was Elsie's turn. I had to hunt out her winter muffler, which she had stowed away in some absurd "summer retreat" and forgotten, and after all that trouble it was a pinched-looking little creature who went scurrying off to school through the cold.

Then I bustled about doing what I could to placate the irate Jane, who tramped heavily round the house muttering in an injured undertone about "the sort of weather as makes a poor girl 'ave to lay one of them beastly fires hextry and clutter up the 'ouse with dirt and sich-like, not to mention puttin' 'er be'ind 'and in 'er work for the rest of the day." After an hour or two I began to realise that I was uncommonly hot. Lo and behold! the sun was streaming down from a radiant blue sky, and at lunch-time the dining-room, where the fire was now blazing away merrily, was purgatory to me in my thick dress.

Afternoon saw me in a muslin blouse reclining in the drawing-room and waiting for the fire to die down and make the dining-room habitable again. By tea-time we could breathe in there once more; but after Elsie had gone to bed, and I sat waiting for Jim to come home, I shivered once or twice. When I drew back the curtains I soon discovered the reason—one of the best variety of London fogs! I only got a perfunctory kiss from the poor old boy when at last he arrived tired out, damp and cold; and this prepared me for the explosion that



came at dinner. Jim just managed to hold it in till Jane was safely in the kitchen, and then in none too measured terms he pitched into me for letting the fire go out, and called me selfish when I meekly tried to explain how hot it had been at midday.

That was a wretched evening, but I spent it to good advantage. I was reading a magazine when suddenly an advertisement caught my

eye. I turned on to the next page, but a thought struck me, and "the very thing!" I said to myself; "if I only had gas fires in the house I shouldn't mind if it snowed in July! Jane would only have to turn a tap and strike a match, and hey presto! the room would be well-warmed in a few minutes. A gas fire in Elsie's bedroom would probably prevent those wretched colds of hers. Yes, and the extra



expense would be trifling, because a gas fire can be turned off immediately the temperature rises, or the room is unoccupied, and there'd be no coal dust and dirt to ruin my curtains and carpets. Think of the household peace, too, if coal fires, and the trouble they cause, always Jane's greatest bugbear, were no more!"

By this time I was getting so enthusiastic that I had to tell Jim about my wonderful idea; and in a few minutes he'd forgotten all his



grumpiness, and was just as excited as I. Well, we talked over ways and means, and finally determined to strike while the iron was hot. I got Jim to write to the Gas Company and ask their representative to call. I have been discussing matters with him this morning, and I am quite convinced that a tragedy such as that in which I played a part yesterday may be avoided, and home life turned into a veritable idyll, by calling in the kindly "spirit of coal" to undo the villainous machinations of the Clerk of the Weather. With gas as an ally within its walls "An Englishman's Home" may really be his castle, a stronghold which discomfort, disillusion and disease will find it hard indeed to penetrate.

Requests for information in all points connected with the use of gas should be addressed to The Secretary, The British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Early Victorian Cult.

As a relief from the *motif* of the war, I am about to unearth all the early Victorian splendours which lie concealed in various places in a long-inhabited house. Berlin wool-work, roses of startling hues and dimensions on grounds of prune or emerald green, are once again in high request among collectors. Naïve little hand fire-screens with trembling bead fringes are all the mode, and the most dingy lacquer tea-caddy, so long as it looks like 1845, becomes the pride and joy of the connoisseur. Prie-dieu chairs—chiefly remarkable for the fact that no one ever prayed on them—are of the highest current interest; and if they have Berlin wool-work seats, so much the better for you, if you wish to get rid of them at a fictitious value. One chair of an oblong shape, now covered in Georgian pink damask, I dimly recollect as once possessing a cover of scarlet Berlin wool, with an elaborate floral design in glistening white

glass beads. Surely this unique trophy of mid-Victorian skill and industry must now be priceless. Only a few years ago we were laughing because *Punch* predicted a Victorian revival in "Parian statuettes of the Little Samuel," and asserted that even wax-fruit would be hotly contested for at sales and pursued in remote curiosity-shops all over the land. Now this thing has come to pass, or something near to it. The glittering lustre chandelier was the *avant-garde* of the Early Victorian cult. Then came the curly, florid looking-glass; and now we have arrived at the wool-work sofa-cushion with its really surprising specimens of horticulture.

### A Ban of "German."

It is rumoured that, although there has been quite an outbreak of a certain Teutonic complaint at some of our public schools, the boys in all cases refuse to be described as suffering from "German" measles. Indeed, there is none more unpopular among the minor diseases to which the youthful biped is susceptible. Then, again, I notice that the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"—well known to be an Englishwoman *pur sang*—has now dropped all references, in the publisher's announcements, to her German Garden, or even to that most engaging book, "Elizabeth in Rügen," a story which I have just re-read with pure joy, but which makes me wonder why German officers of late years have almost appropriated the Isle of Wight, when they have an island of such romantic beauty, of forests and lakes, of high cliffs, smooth sands, and indigo-blue seas, so close to their own Prussian shore. Indeed, if Rügen were not so obviously the play-place of the inhabitants of Berlin, I can picture few more charming

will not be required—except for special purposes, military and diplomatic—for many years to come. Probably the study of Russian and Spanish, especially among business-people, will be largely undertaken when the war is over. Russia, indeed, is a veritable land of promise for the future, where careers will be open for those with capital and talent.

### A Morose England.

One of the first effects of a sudden abstention from alcohol of all kinds is the moroseness which takes possession of the individual. It is quite unmistakable, and there is no use blinking the fact. If prohibition gains the day, we may be an efficient nation, but we shall certainly not be of high heart and courage. This does not apply to the thousands of modern young people who have, very wisely, been brought up on cold water or ginger-pop, and who never need a stimulant, but to the masses of hard-working professional men to whom a glass of claret or port with their dinner is the habitude of a lifetime. It seems a trifle grotesque that an eminent Chancery Bar lawyer or an overworked doctor may have no Sauterne on his table because the workers on Tyne or Clyde besot themselves of a Saturday and Sunday. Inebriety in the upper and middle classes has died out through the pressure of public opinion. What we want to do at the present hour is to take no drastic and impossible course, but to abolish, for the war, the selling of very inferior spirits altogether, leaving light beer, to the working-man, and wine to those who can pay for it. We want, just now, a cheerful, determined, hard-working population, and the moroseness of the enforced abstainer would hinder and not help.

### Those Who Do Not Talk About the War.

It is a curious fact that in any company in which you may find yourself just now, it is the stay-at-homes, the civilians, and the women who talk about nothing but the war. At dinner there will be sure to be two or three soldiers (for even minor festivities are only got up for persons in khaki), and possibly a surgeon just back from hospital work in France, yet it is not these men—who have, or will have, the making of the war during the next few momentous months—who discuss amateur strategy, criticise Generals in the field, and regale the table with tales of atrocities. Soldiers especially are reticent in their talk and very moderate in their language. They have a pathetic desire to make the most of their short leave, and to leave the horrible things of war—especially of this incredible war—to those who are not fighting but talking. Indeed, one has always noticed this trait in our fighting men—that while the combat is on, and especially when it is over, they are very modest about their part in it, and very willing to draw a veil over the horrors they have witnessed.



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A NEW SPRING FROCK.

A new spring frock of putty-coloured cloth and gros-grain silk with a suede belt fastened with an oxydised buckle. The collar is finished with a hem of white lawn.

ways of making a holiday than a month spent in some of the places described by Elizabeth. As for the German language, it

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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Total Abstinence in the Palace.

Going without alcoholic drinks will not trouble the King personally, as he is always a most moderate user of the wine-cup, and frequently drinks no wine at all for months at a time. The Queen is also very often a total abstainer for weeks together, and at any time drinks light wines only. The Royal Princes are no wine-lovers, and Princess Mary dislikes it. No doubt some members of the Household feel themselves aggrieved that sherry and claret are no longer obtainable for luncheon, and other wines at dinner. If so, they do not say so, and most of them always followed the royal example of strictest moderation. Possibly the servants are the worst sufferers, for the temperance movement from choice which began a couple of years ago with the higher classes has not yet filtered down to the servants and workpeople. Many thinking people believe that it will do so; the crying need of the moment possibly might be met if men and women in the working centres were taught not to drink alcohol except at meal-times or with food. The aims of crank total-abstainers will certainly not be furthered by indiscriminating action against drunkenness.

## British Materials.

There are things about dress so Parisian that the most patriotic among us cling to them. One of these is names. China crape sounds so dull; crêpe-de-Chine is much more inspiring. Corded silk conjures up mid-Victorian styles and dowdiness; gros grain stimulates the imagination much more readily. Chiffon has, of course, become Anglicised; and silken muslin, which would express it, sounds prettily enough. Faille is another word that we cannot part with easily. Charmeuse is now a registered word, and may not be used to express imitations of it, any more than silk-and-cotton may be called silk. There are registered words which interfere with the free use of the English language. This should be looked into, for I have been told by a lawyer that no word in ordinary use may be registered. We have now so many French words for fabrics in ordinary use that we find it hard to replace them with English appellatives, and when we do so we receive a wrong impression, the reverse of smartness. A dictionary of English dress fabrics would be useful, if the compiler could invent names in good English that would give a smart impression.

## The Season of Charity.

This will be a season of charity; there will be fashionable assemblages, but they will all have a financial basis, and the finances will be for War Relief. In this the lead has been given by the King, the Queen, and Queen Alexandra. Their Majesties have given their patronage to a concert at the Albert Hall on the 24th for Recruiting Bands and Professional War Relief Council. Also to a concert at which they have promised to be present which is being organised by Mme. Clara Butt for War Relief. It is to take place at the Albert Hall on a date not fixed as I write. The Queen and Queen Alexandra will be present at Drury Lane on the 27th for the

great matinée that American ladies are getting up for their War Relief Fund, which is doing a splendid work. It was, of course, hoped that the Prince of Wales's Fund and the Queen's Work for Women Fund would cover everything. It has, however, proved that there are many most needful charities to which these funds are, for some reason or another, precluded from making grants. It is true that the Queen's thoughtfulness is remarkable, and that her Fund has unostentatiously helped many a little-known organisation and many upper-middle class workers in a most tactful way. It will be recognised, however, that there are others, not known to the Queen,

which are needing help. The fault of great big funds is the unwieldiness of their working. One knows from experience how long it takes to get a grant from a big organisation. No doubt these work expeditiously enough, but there must be rules and regulations and certain restrictions which sometimes embarrass their committees when they would much like to hand over the grants asked for.

## L'Aiglon.

The newest and daintiest collars of finely pleated tulle are called L'Aiglon, after Napoleon's short-lived son. They are prettier and natter than Napoleon collars: we know from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's representation that L'Aiglon was a great dandy. This reminds me that France victorious will probably demand the return of the remains of Napoleon's son for burial in Paris beside those of his illustrious father. There is a legend, which many believe, that when the

Prince's tomb is disturbed great treasure will be found. Austria has always refused to allow any interference with L'Aiglon's remains, which repose in the Hapsburg burying-place. The treasure, if it exists, will be claimed by France and by Austria: after the war both countries will be in dire need of it. L'Aiglon was a fascinating personality, and had something of his father's great qualities and more than something of his bad health.

Clubmen and all those connected with clubs will be glad to note that the 1915 edition of "A List of English Clubs," by E. S. Austen Leigh (Spottiswoode), has now appeared. This very useful little book gives details of English clubs in all parts of the world.

"As soon as men begin to talk about anything that really matters," said Rudyard Kipling once, "someone has to go and fetch the atlas." There are a good many people talking about things that really matter nowadays, and consequently the new "International Reference Atlas of the World," by J. G. Bartholomew (Newnes), is likely to be very much in demand. It certainly deserves to be, for it is an excellent work, produced under high map-making author-

ity, and the price (10s. 6d. net) is much below the usual cost of a complete reference atlas. It contains 120 modern and authentic maps, and an index with nearly 25,000 place-names. The printing is all that could be desired.



MARRIED ON APRIL 7: SECOND-LIEUTENANT B. W. H. PRATT AND MRS. PRATT (FORMERLY MISS MARGARET SNIVELY.)

Second-Lieutenant Bernard W. H. Pratt, of the Army Service Corps, is a son of the late Mr. Bickerton Pratt and Mrs. Pratt, of Roughton, Caerleon, Monmouthshire. Mrs. Pratt is the daughter of the late Rev. Summerfield E. Snively, M.D., of Nice and Philadelphia.

Photographs by Lafayette and Gilbert and Bacon.



ENGAGED TO MR. CLEMENT CARROLL: MISS EDITH BURKE, A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE TIPPERARY HUNT.

Miss Burke is the second daughter of Mr. Richard Burke, the popular Master of the Tipperary Hunt. Mr. Carroll is the only son of the late Mr. C. J. Carroll, of Rocklow, Fethard, Co. Tipperary.—[Photograph by Poole.]



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against the treacherous Spring Weather. Cold Winds alternating with the Hot Sunshine will play havoc with the skin. Prepare your skin to withstand their attack. A few drops of

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**La-rola**

regularly applied, will keep your face and hands quite free from Sunburn, Irritation and Roughness, and will soon produce a complexion as Smooth and Soft as Velvet. Try the wonderful effect of LA-ROLA upon your skin.

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may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives **THE BEAUTY SPOT!**  
Boxes 1/-



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Nature intended your hair to be beautiful. But unnatural conditions of living—insufficient outdoor exercise, worry, overwork, the strain of social duties, ill-health, &c., have robbed it of its natural lustre, and made it brittle, dull, scurfy. If you wish to make your hair beautiful, you must assist nature in nourishing the hair roots by daily rubbing into the scalp

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#### LUXURIANT HAIR.

It removes scurf and prevents its recurrence, restores elasticity and strength, prevents falling out and premature greyness and baldness, and imparts a beautiful lustre.

It is also an excellent dressing for false hair, and gives to whiskers, beard and moustache a dark hue and wavy appearance

Prepared in a golden tint for fair hair.

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Our own exclusive design, made by our own workers, in bright, soft, pure English Crêpe de Chine with hand-embroidered spots, finished with good lace. In pink, white, maize, mauve, sky and black.

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SEE HOW THE  
'HUE' WILL STOP  
THE WASTE.



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This is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation.

It is adaptable to any existing grate, without the necessity of pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.



This is the same stove, showing effect produced by the HUE.

More heat is given out in the room, with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The

HUE has been installed in thousands of private houses, as well as adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels, and Institutions. Without question, it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market, and is equally suitable for large or small rooms.

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This needs a perfect complexion clear of all blemishes.

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28 **FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 19, St. Bride Street, E.C.**



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SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),  
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.  
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for house and personal guards,  
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;  
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ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,  
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2 gns.  
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423.

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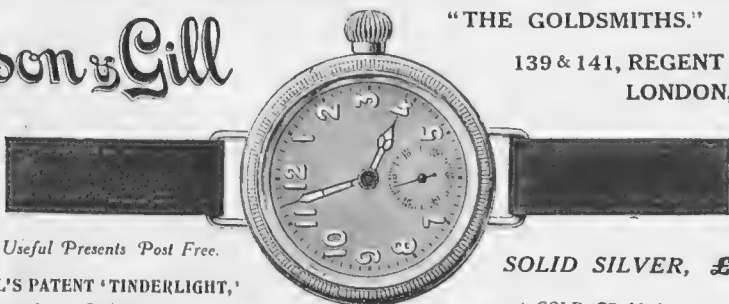
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

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WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH, WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

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GUARANTEED  
TIMEKEEPER.

SOLID SILVER, £2 10 0

9-ct. GOLD, £5 10 0: 18-ct. GOLD, £8 0 0



Section showing damp & dust-proof Front & Back unscrewed.

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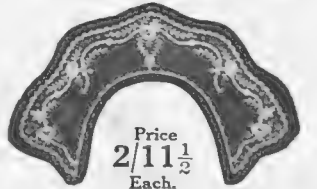
Price  
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Fine Net and Valenciennes Lace Collar, ecru and ivory shades.



Price  
2/6 1/2  
Each.

Smart Net Collar, edged with fine Valenciennes, ecru & ivory shades.



Price  
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Fine Embroidered Organdi Muslin Collar. White only.



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Pretty Net Collar, edged with imitation Binche lace. Ivory only.  
Price Lists Post Free.

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The Linen Hall,  
Regent Street, London.W.



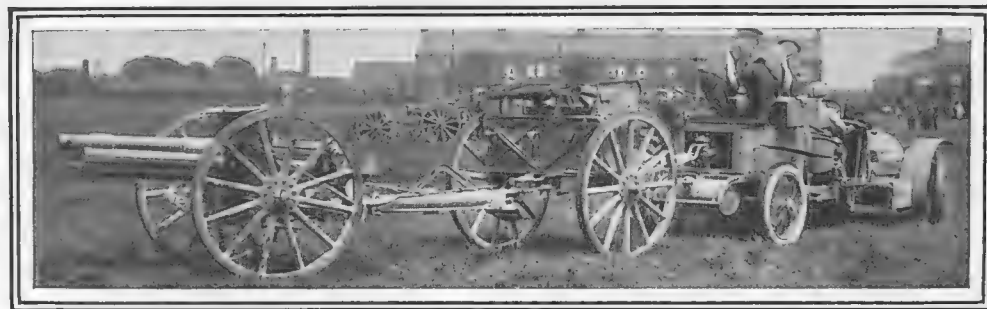


THE MOTOR—THEN AND NOW: THE MOTOR IN WAR: THE INVALUABLE MOTOR-BUS.

An Interesting  
Reminiscence.

Some six years have elapsed since the Automobile Association transported a battalion of Guards at war strength, with full equipment, ammunition, machine-guns, entrenching-tools, etc., from London to Hastings, in order to prove the utility of motor transport for

considerable group of patriotic experts whose services would have been invaluable in the fateful August of 1914. The plea was put forward that the Reserve was no longer required because so many officers possessed cars of their own, and it was said that the automobile had become part and parcel of the Army's daily life. Practically the only official recognition by the War Office of motor-vehicles was in the direction of creating a subsidy type of motor-wagon; while in the way of experimentation nothing was done until last spring, when Earl Fitzwilliam, on his own account, demonstrated how efficiently ordinary touring chassis could be used to transport artillery from the interior to the coast. Whether this remarkable and successful performance made any impression on the War Office or not has never been disclosed.



THE MOTOR IN WAR: A CAR USED FOR ARTILLERY TRACTION.

Among the many uses to which motors have been put in the war is the haulage of guns. The photograph shows the arrival at the experimenting ground.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

military purposes. It was assumed, of course, that an invasion was threatened, and that the railways had been put out of action. The Association has now issued a photographic reproduction of a map of the Guards' journey which was published at the time in a large number of German newspapers. The whole route is to be seen clearly defined, as also are the lines of railways converging on Hastings, the site of an imaginary battlefield, the position of the "invading troops," etc. The photograph forms an interesting souvenir of the event, and also illustrates the interest taken by Germany in any developments affecting military operations.

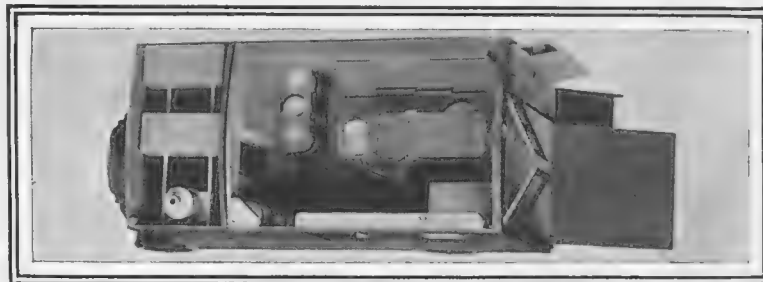
The Outcome at  
Home.

Singularly enough, however, the experiment had no practical results where our own Army was concerned, and one military critic even condemned the scheme as futile, and said that railway transportation would have been much more effective—conveniently choosing to ignore, for the sake of argument, that the lines leading to the coast were assumed to have been temporarily destroyed. As a matter of fact, not only did the War Office give the cold shoulder to the question of motor mobilisation, but eventually disbanded the Army Motor Reserve, a

What the  
Motor-'Bus Did.

Then like a clap of thunder came the war itself. But where were the Army motors?

They simply did not exist, and at once there was a wholesale commandeering of private cars and heavy vehicles. Apparently the Army had not even sufficient cars of its own for despatch-bearing purposes, and a band of twenty-five volunteers was requisitioned



THE MOTOR IN WAR: A MODEL OF A TRAVELLING OPERATION-THEATRE, WITH THE ROOF REMOVED—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

This motor operation-theatre, designed by Captain Colt, R.A.M.C. (T.), is intended to convey the skilled surgeon and anaesthetist quickly to the spot where they are most needed for cases requiring speedy operation, and to provide all the appliances required. The cost, fully equipped, would be about £1100, including about £230 for instruments.



THE MOTOR IN WAR: A REPAIRING-SHOP ON WHEELS IN THE AUSTRALIAN CAMP AT ROMSEY.

The Australian troops quartered at Romsey, in Hampshire, have a very efficient motor-transport section, which contains many vehicles commandeered in Australia on the outbreak of war and brought over to this country. The travelling motor workshops are particularly well equipped.

Photograph by Sport and General.

from the Royal Automobile Club, and they have been on active service ever since. Few people in this country, it is true, expected the war to come about in its present form; but invasion, at all events, was a subject perennially to the fore, and it is not too much to say that the War Office equipment of motor-vehicles could not have been adequate even from that point of view. However, a large number of vehicles of all kinds, as has been said, were commandeered, and the factories were also set to work forthwith on the turning-out of motor-wagons in the main, but also of Staff cars, armoured cars, and ambulances. There were initial failures, of course, in the case of many of the wagons hastily collected and sent to the front, for many of them had already seen a good deal of service at home in ordinary commercial use; while some were badly driven, or over-driven under orders from officers who did not understand their capabilities. Great difficulty was experienced, moreover, from the heterogeneous nature of the vehicles themselves, and the resultant absence of easily procurable spare parts; and "breakdowns" which otherwise could have been set going again in a short time had simply to be left on the roadside. But, pending the completion of the huge orders for new wagons from the factories, the motor-buses of the London streets successfully filled the breach. They were sent over in hundreds, and as they were mostly of uniform pattern, with standardised parts, they could be kept in running order. Not only did they keep the commissariat going, as well as carry ammunition, but they even took troops into action. A large consignment was also sent over to Belgium to assist in the defence of Antwerp, and proved of immense value in getting people away after the city's fall. Motor-buses, in fact, rendered such invaluable help all round that one trembles to think what would have happened if the

[Continued on page x.]

## CARS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR:

### THE STORY OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

IT is not often that a famous firm can boast two distinct reputations. To many, D. Napier and Son, Ltd., stands only for the familiar Napier cars. In that case, the reputation is modern—

as modern as motor-cars. The other reputation—for engineering in general—dates from the reign of King George III. As a consequence of both, Napier's is now in the foremost rank of those engaged on Government work. This is but right, for in the past the company has been a pioneer in assisting not only our own Government, but those of Russia, France, and Egypt—all allied in the Great War against Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey.

In 1841, let it be remembered, the firm installed the first steam-engine, gun-finishing machinery, and bullet-making machinery in Woolwich Arsenal. That

THE MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. D. NAPIER AND SON, LTD.: MR. H. T. VANE.

Mr. Vane has been associated with Napier cars since 1904; and is responsible for the direction of the firm's policy.

is not surprising, for it was the first to make machines for the manufacture of bullets. When these were first turned out their construction was a secret. The machines were kept at the Napier works, where the bullets were made for the Arsenal, which used to send its own wagons to fetch them. When Messrs. Napier set up the first steam-engine in the Arsenal, by the way, the motive power for the machinery in use there was provided by horses! In 1847 the firm received from Spain a large order for gun-finishing machinery; in 1854 the British Government gave it a large order for guns for use in the Crimea; in 1856 it supplied bullet-making machines to the French War Office; in 1857 bullet-making machines were supplied to the Egyptian Government.

That is a fine record. There is much more. The firm has aided the Government in other ways. For instance, Messrs. De la Rue used to print English postage-stamps with Napier-made machines. Then there is the mint and banking machinery. In 1841 the firm sold automatic weighing-machines to the Bank of England; and ten years later it supplied a large number of similar machines to the British Mint. Another two years, and the Spanish Mint, reorganised, called for a complete set of Napier machinery. In 1854, Napier bank-note-printing machinery was ordered by the Bank of England, which stipulated that each machine should be capable of printing 3000 notes an hour. This machinery was duly remarked by observant Russia, with the result that a similar set of machinery was installed at the Imperial Mint, St. Petersburg, the Petrograd

of to-day. Further, seven years' experience so satisfied the Russian Government that they commissioned Messrs. Napier to rearrange the whole machinery of the Russian Mint. Since then Napier's has frequently supplied minting machinery and coin-testing machines to our own Royal Mint, the Imperial Russian Mint, the Indian Mint, and the Spanish Mint; that to say nothing of machinery for the principal banks throughout the world. No better proof could be wanted to demonstrate that Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., have had exceptionally valuable international experience with the most delicate and exacting engineering work.

That very experience has been applied, of course, to the Napier cars. Ever progressing, the firm was amongst the pioneers of the motor movement, and, among other triumphs, has it to its great credit that it produced the only British car that has won the Gordon-Bennett trophy, and that in addition to setting up many other world's records. Naturally, the Allied Governments have entrusted it with immense orders for war vehicles of all descriptions, from ambulances and transport-wagons to Staff cars and travelling, fully equipped, self-contained workshops. To this it may be added that the British Government has placed with Napier's work of a very special nature (not to be described at the moment) which, when it becomes known, will serve to show once more not only that the Government has not misjudged the abilities of the famous

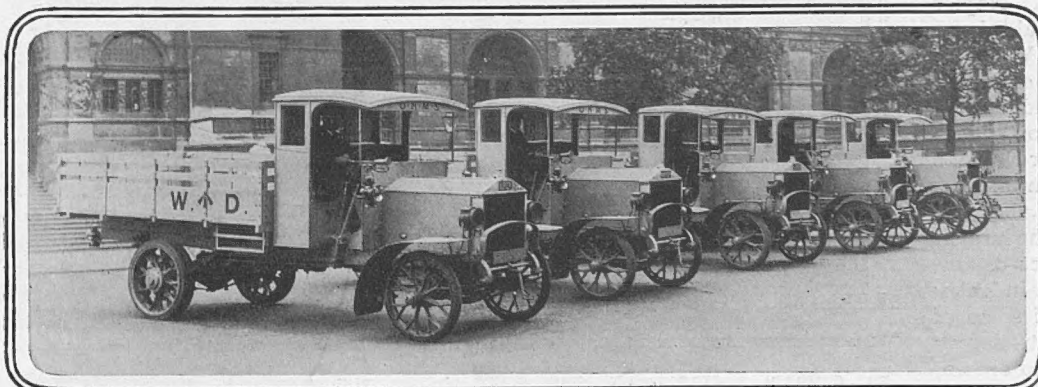


AN OUTWARD SIGN OF THE IMMENSE AMOUNT OF WORK DONE BY NAPIER'S, THE FIRST FIRM TO MANUFACTURE AND SUPPLY A SUCCESSFUL 6-CYLINDER MOTOR: IN NO. 1 MACHINE-SHOP AT THE FAMOUS NAPIER WORKS AT ACTON, LONDON.

engineering firm whose help it has sought, but that that firm has loyally placed at the country's disposal its unique knowledge and experience. That is something of which to be justly proud.

So is told briefly something of the story of one of the great houses which have helped to make history, and are still helping to make it in these days of a war which is not only the greatest, but is certain to be one of the most revolutionary the world has known. It is very well that, in a contest so titanic that its magnitude is almost

unrealisable, this country should be able to turn with perfect confidence to her own sons, knowing full well that they can and will serve her to the uttermost, whether it be in the field or in the work-shop or office. And it is very well that the pioneer should come into his own. Enterprise too often seems to the weakling a dangerous thing. There is the tendency with him to leave well alone, even to let well degenerate into ill, lest he run a risk. That is where such a firm as Napier's scores. Those responsible for it during the generations have never been content to rest on their laurels: the word has always been "Forward." "We have a good thing; let us be content with it," has never been the cry; it has been: "We have a good thing; let us better it." Prosperity—which means satisfied clients—has been the result—the only result that can follow such a policy of progression.



BUILT BY AN ENGINEERING FIRM WHICH DATES FROM THE REIGN OF GEORGE III. AND IS FAMOUS FOR ITS CARS, FOR THE MAKING OF WAR-MATERIALS, AND FOR ENGINEERING IN GENERAL: TYPES OF TRANSPORT WAR-VEHICLES AS SUPPLIED TO THE BRITISH ARMY BY MESSRS. D. NAPIER AND SON.



*Continued from page viii.*

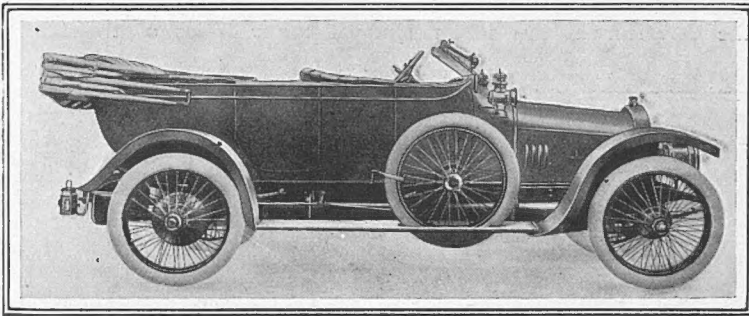
tram-owning London County Council could have had its way and ousted this indispensable form of vehicle from the streets.

#### A Magnificent Equipment.

The war has now been in progress, however, for over eight months, and out of erstwhile chaos has been evolved order of the most satisfying kind. Large numbers of new motor-wagons have been delivered from the various works and sent to the front, and the total number in use must run into eight thousand at least, with twice as many drivers. Considering the size of our army, these figures compare very favourably with those of the French, for it has just been disclosed for the first time that General Joffre had ten thousand motor-wagons at his disposal at the outset, and that four thousand have since been added. As for the Staff cars and those used in *liaison* work, they have rendered General French undoubted service all along the line; and no more striking picture has been presented than that of the Commander-in-Chief himself, during the Ypres engagement, speeding from point to point on his car, and repeatedly dismounting under fire to encourage his men when they were sorely pressed. As for the armoured cars, they have attained a formidable total, and, profiting by the discovery of various faults in the earlier types, are now greatly improved and wonderfully efficient. During trench warfare, of course, their use is limited; but their time will come when the German retreat is begun.

#### The Results of Specialisation.

One of the most notable examples of the good results that can be obtained from specialisation is the Straker-Squire car. It is now eight years since the firm of Messrs. Sidney Straker and Squire, Ltd., made up their minds to enter the light-car industry, and decided to devote



SMART-LOOKING AND BRITISH-BUILT THROUGHOUT: A NEW 1915 MODEL STRAKER-SQUIRE 15-20 H.P. CAR.

their whole energies and experience to one type of vehicle only. This policy proved so sound that they have consistently adhered to it throughout, with the inevitable result that they are now marketing a really high-grade vehicle of medium power, and are able to offer it to the public at a reasonable price without overloading it with an excessive margin of profit. During this long period of specialisation they have entered this car in all competitions for which it has been eligible, and in most of these have gained the highest honours against higher-priced and higher-powered vehicles on road and track. Meanwhile, progressive refinements and improvements have been embodied, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the Straker-Squire is now nearing the stage of perfection aimed at by the makers when starting out on the policy of specialisation. It is a car which fully merits the attention of all motorists inquiring for a medium-powered, high-class vehicle, and in most cases it is superior to others of similar power. A special point to be noted, moreover, is that, in order to make the car suitable all round for every type of body, from a light two-seater to a luxurious limousine, the springing, gear-ratio, and rake of steering are standardised in various sizes.

#### Patriotic Workmen.

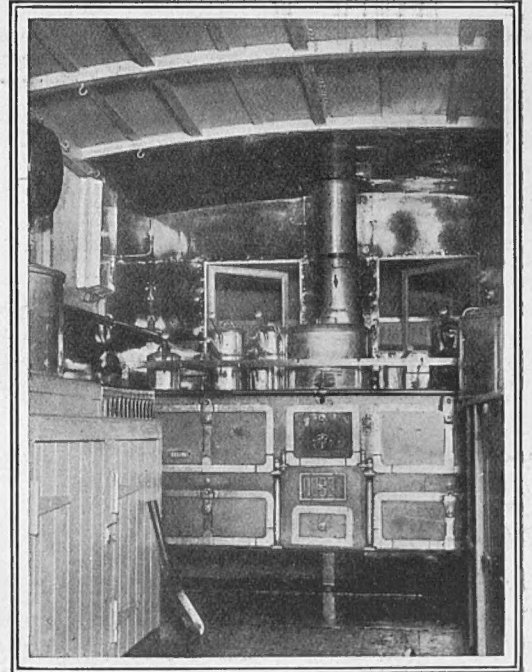
In these days of petty-minded strikes and a War Office hard-pressed to find adequate supplies of the munitions of war, it is especially gratifying to note a letter in the Press from Mr. H. T. Vane, the managing director of D. Napier and Son, whose well-known works in Acton Vale have long been busy upon Government work. Mr. Vane reports that practically every man of the firm's employes turned up as usual on Good Friday morning and worked zealously all through Easter, knowing how important to the country were the tasks they had in hand. For Napier's are not merely building motor-wagons and ambulances galore, but are also making shells; and after all that has been said and done of late with reference to the urgent needs of the Allied armies at the front in respect of ammunition, the value of this example of patriotic industry stands out in marked contrast to the tactics of some of the engineers of the Clyde. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note also, when new cars are so difficult to obtain, that Napier's are able to supply all their models for 1915; and inasmuch as these are all of the highest possible class, with a unique record of R.A.C. certificated trials to their credit, no one in want of a car of the very best type can complain that he cannot get his needs fulfilled.

So many firms are behindhand in their deliveries, would-be buyers being almost forced into the hands of Transatlantic agents, that it is particularly gratifying to find so important a concern as the Napier Company announcing their ability to cope with reasonable demands.

#### Recognised at Sight.

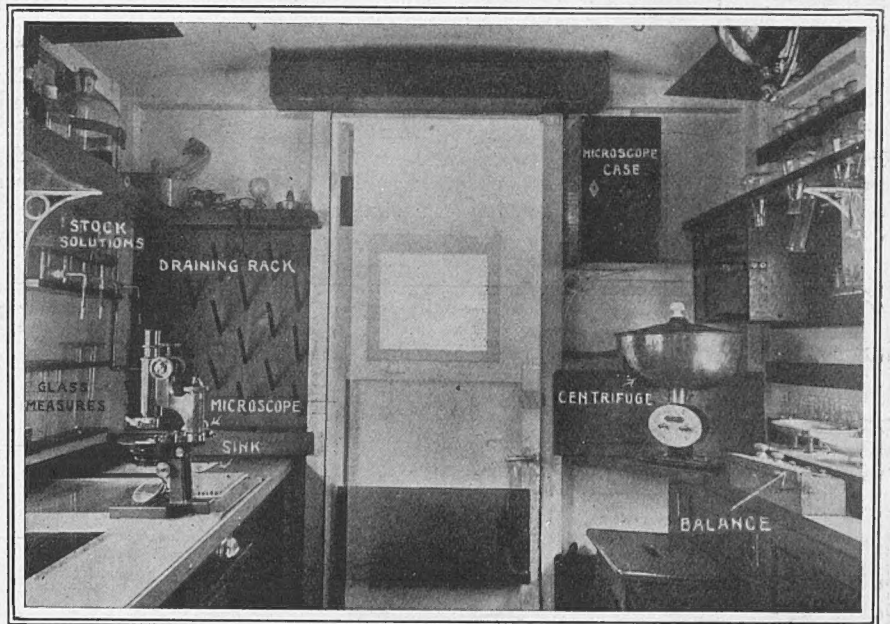
Whenever you come across a row of closely set parallel lines, neatly imprinted on the road as though they were the rungs of a long ladder, you may know that the car that has passed that way has been shod with the Avon "Sunstone Special" tyre. It is built with stout

walls and a very heavy tread, and it is these factors which make the tyre so popular with the owners of limousines and heavy touring-cars. While, moreover, it is effective as a non-skid, the fact that flat spaces are left between the clean-cut grooves renders the tyre practically as smooth in running as any ordinary plain tyre. The "Sunstone Special," of course, is more expensive than a square-tread pattern, but costs twenty per cent. less than the steel-studded non-skidding type, and its distinctive qualities are certainly worth the attention of every owner of a large or powerful car. Like everybody else nowadays, however, the Avon India Rubber Company does not confine itself to one pattern of tread alone, but is ready to supply steel-studded covers, and also plain tyres with fluted square treads. The steel studs in the former type are particularly well attached, and Avon tyres thus fitted have been found to possess extraordinary durability, as well as a pleasing capacity for being re-treaded when the studs eventually wear down. All the Avon treads are moulded in compression, and this fact, together with the toughness and liveliness of the rubber employed, gives them remarkable cut-resisting power. It is doubtless this quality of durability, coupled with good workmanship, that has resulted in a great tyre-making industry being built up in the little town of Melksham, in Wiltshire, where the Avon Company's factories now employ over 1000 hands, while for over two years past they have been working night and day to cope with the demand for a well-proved product.



MOTOR-CAR UNIVERSALITY AT THE FRONT: A TRAVELLING KITCHEN WITH FITTED RANGE.

One of the most appreciated and practically useful vehicles working at the Front has been the motor kitchen-car, of one of which we give an interior view. The kitchen-car's activities on the lines of communication and among the troops coming off duty in the trenches have proved a veritable godsend to the troops on many occasions by supplying hot meals or soup, tea and coffee at the shortest notice.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



TO COMBAT BACTERIA ON THE BATTLEFIELD: THE "PRINCESS CHRISTIAN MOTOR LABORATORY"—THE INTERIOR FROM THE FRONT END, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

In addition to the hospital train which H.R.H. Princess Christian by her own initiative and energy has raised funds for and organised, the Princess is also sending to the front a fully equipped bacteriological motor laboratory which an anonymous donor presented. With it is supplied a motor-cycle and side car. Captain Grey, R.A.M.C., is in charge.



# H. M. Government takes over the whole output of **SUNBEAM CARS.**

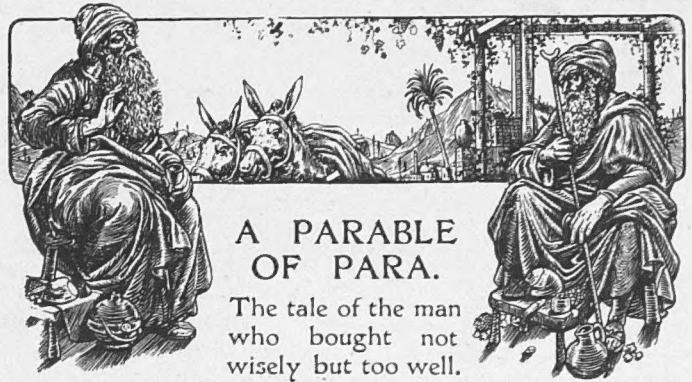
Owing to the imperative necessity for a regular supply of motor vehicles to our Forces, and the fact that the Sunbeam cars already supplied to them have proved so thoroughly satisfactory, H.M. Government has decided that for the duration of the war, our entire output is to be utilised for military service.

No higher compliment to Sunbeam design and construction could be paid.

As it will be impossible, therefore, to supply any cars for private purposes, we desire to express regret to our numerous clients and agents at home and abroad. We trust, however, that any inconvenience will be borne in a patriotic spirit, knowing that co-operation will best serve the country's needs at the present time.

Military service, as a test of reliability, is unique, and in this respect our experience will prove of immense value in the cars built after hostilities are over.

The **SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.**, Wolverhampton.  
Manchester: 112, Deansgate. Agents for London and District:  
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.



## A PARABLE OF PARA.

The tale of the man  
who bought not  
wisely but too well.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AND they came to a house of rest and ordered wine. And he who had bought wisely spake thus: "In the beginning there was no shoe. And then there arose a wise man who bethought him of a shoe, and another there arose, far-seeing, who pictured all that it might mean. And after much labour and sore travail, the world saw that it was good. And the shoe spread till all the world made service of it, and many were the imitations of the shoe that arose, saying: 'We also are as this shoe, and even finer than this shoe.' So it has come to pass that he who would know the shoe he should buy is sore puzzled, for of the makers of shoes, one pulleth him this way and another pulleth him that way, till he knoweth not what he shall do. But I have travelled far and wide, and many are the shoes I have used, yet this is the shoe of all shoes that liketh me most. And, now, friend, we will eat, and then will I proceed with the tale of the shoe." *(To be continued.)*

MORAL:—Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

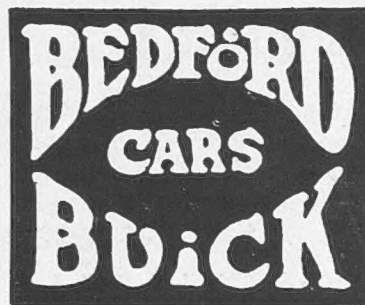
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

**M**R. VANE SUTTON-VANE'S play, "The Blow," has some novelty. Lady Claring was so horrified by the idea that her friend Fay Pallant slew her husband's mistress that even after her acquittal she won't let her son marry Fay's daughter. Consequently, a friend of the family, in order to convince her Ladyship that even the best people are apt to commit homicide if provoked suitably, caused her to hide behind a half-open door whilst, by a series of lies, he irritated her son to such a pitch that he tried to strangle him. Thereupon Lady Claring took a more charitable view of life, and permitted the marriage. It is a rather queer little piece—little, for the scale of drawing seems quite disproportionate to such a big theme; and queer because the characters are shadowy. Moreover, the author does not take the audience into his confidence, but leaves it in a state of uncertainty as to what really is happening when the amiable friend is playing his scene of comedy upon the lover for the benefit of Lady Claring the eavesdropper. The play shows some talent, yet indicates that the author—obviously young—is attacking the theatre from the theatre: a point of view fatal to the dramatist of any higher ambition than to make money and figure in theatrical society and content to be a might-have-been. There is a fair amount of skill in the construction; and the dialogue, by no means human as a rule, has telling lines. Miss Aimée de Burgh played the naughty lady of the play—French, of course, since in a certain type of piece naughty ladies are always foreign. She played quite cleverly with much energy, though her ideas as to French mispronunciation of English are strange. Miss Edyth Olive acted with real power and nice restraint as the murderess. Miss Fortescue represented Lady Claring with a skill of technique and weight too rare on our stage. Mr. Julian Royce delighted the house by his cool, incisive work as the friend. The stage-lovers were rendered well enough by Miss Jean Sterling and Mr. Ewan Brook.

Playgoers who were thrilled by "The Turning Point" at the St. James's will be glad to see "La Flambée," the original of it, at the New Theatre, where M. Kistermacker's drama is on for a short run. A powerful work, with good acting parts and a strong situation emphasised by the fact that it concerns *espionnage*—a subject that thrills us. One gasps with pleasure when Glogan the spy is throttled, and is half sorry that he is killed "off" instead of on. There is no need to say much about the well-constructed work. There is an admirable performance by M. Duquesne in the

part of the French officer nearly caught in the toils, and also by Mlle. Yvonne Mirval as the wife brought back to her husband's arms by the crisis. M. Ivan Servais represents the Bishop in excellent style.

Now that everything is being revived, it is a little surprising that "Véronique" was not revived before; but it has come at last, and decked out with all the gorgeousness customary in a George Edwardes production. How gorgeous it all is it is impossible to describe; one must be content with a few words of appreciation of the dainty and clever music with which Messenger brightened up the little story of the young lady who became a flower-shop girl and won the love of the Count whom it was decreed that she was to marry. The music well deserved revival, for it is well above the ordinary standard of modern comic opera; and on this occasion it is excellently sung. M. Henry Defrey, who plays the Count Florestan, has an admirable voice; and the new Véronique is Miss Dorothy Waring, who made a very favourable impression both as a singer and as an actress on this her first appearance before the public. Miss Daisy Irving, too, does excellent work; and Mr. Tom Walls, whose duty it is to fill the place of Mr. George Graves, is a very good imitation of that distinguished comedian. Well mounted, well sung, and well played, this revival of "Veronique" should make a great success.

Drury Lane, like so many other theatres, is content to fall back on its old triumphs, and "Sealed Orders" was the latest of them, and probably the most triumphant. It has been brought up to date by much glorification of ourselves and much scorn of Germany—which may or may not be an improvement. It depends upon the view taken by you of the meaning of patriotism. Otherwise, everything, from the burglary to the air-ship, is much as it was; and the high dive of the hero from the battle-ship's topmast still rouses the greatest enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which is not damped by our knowledge that it is not the hero himself who does the dive, but somebody else similarly dressed and more accustomed to acrobatics. An excellent company contains many players of their original parts, the most notable changes being the addition of Miss Marie Illington as Mrs. O'Mara (whom she plays with incisive humour), and of Miss Gladys Mason, a very charming Lady Felicia. Mr. Ronald Squire too, as the American clairvoyant, is new; and a word of praise is due to Mr. C. M. Hallard and Mr. E. W. Royce, and the motor-car and the taxi-cab and the battle-craft and the air-ship.

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